National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

THE BIBLE VIEW OF SLAVERY.

From The Albany Argus.

PERHAPS there is no subject upon which there is more wide-spread misrepresentation and misconception than upon the duties and obligations of the citizens of the several States in respect to slavery, considered in a religious light, and in reference to the doctrines of the Bible. This has been a fruitful topic of agitation, denunciation and delusion, in hostility to the Democratic party of the nation.

We publish below an invitation extended by several citizens of Albany, State officers and Senators and Members to Hon. Benjamin Nott, of this county, to speak on this subject, together with Judge Nott's acceptance. He has written and spoken with much interest and ability on these topics, and we are quite certain that his address will not disappoint the expectations of those who have extended to him this invitation. We presume an early day will be named for the address, and some convenient place selected. Doubtless those who have so often used the Assembly Chamber to present different views of this subject would willingly extend the courtesy of granting it on this occasion.

ALBANY, March 10, 1859.

HON. BENJAMIN NOTT—*Dear Sir:* Understanding that the subject of the Mutual Relations and Duties of the different States of the Union in respect to Slavery, under the provisions and obligations of the Constitution, and as affected by the doctrines of the Bible, has received much consideration on your part, and that you have written and spoken in respect to it, very much to the acceptance of candid, thinking and patriotic men, we respectfully request you to give a public address, at a convenient day before the adjournment of the Legislature.

Respectfully yours,

Amasa J. Parker,	Lyman Tremain,
Nicholas Hill,	Erastus Corning,
R. W. Peckham,	W. A. Young,
William Cassidy,	John K. Porter,
S. E. Church,	Sam'l G. Courtney,
I. V. Vanderpoel,	C. Comstock,
John C. Mather,	Van R. Richmond,
F. B. Spinola,	Geo. G. Scott,
Smith Ely, Jr.,	E. J. Burhans,
John D. Willard,	Geo. W. Pratt,
E. A. Lawrence,	Richard Schell,
Edmond Suydam,	Sam. Sloan,
W. Warner,	W. J. Weiant,
C. B. Woodruff,	James J. Reilly,
A. R. Macomber,	Thos. A. Gardnier,
G. B. Palmer,	A. Van Cortlandt,
Jacob L. Smith,	R. J. Cornelius,
W. C. Lamont,	Henry Creble.
Robert Christie, Jr.,	[*All Democrats.*]

ALBANY, March 21, 1859.

GENTLEMEN: I appreciate the compliment conveyed in an invitation from so many intelligent gentlemen to speak upon "the Mutual Relations and Duties of the People of the different States of this Union in respect to Slavery, under the provisions and obligations of the Constitution, and as affected by the doctrines of the Bible," and will comply with your request at such time and place as you may find it convenient to designate.

I am, very respectfully, yours, BENJAMIN NOTT.

MRS. ANTHONY AND DR. CHEEVER.

From The New York Observer.

MRS. SUSAN B. ANTHONY, in a letter from Albany, giving an account of the sermon of Dr. Cheever, preached in the Assembly Chamber on the 25th of February, says:

"His scathing denunciations of the systematized, God-defying traffic in slaves were overwhelming, and the sarcasm with which he uttered 'the benevolent nurses of the Tract Society,' 'Christian baby thieves,' &c. &c., was most terrible. As I listened to his words of living inspiration, I said, it only remains for Dr. Cheever to come out from the synagogues, which he most clearly proves to be none other than those of Satan. When his actions, his position, shall match his words, then will he indeed be a 'a power mighty to save.'"

The prophet of the Church of the Puritans might be in danger of being puffed up by such high praise from Mrs. Anthony, but the Rev. Dr. Bacon administers a little wholesome discipline to him through three columns of their own newspaper, in which the New Haven Doctor charges the New York Doctor with such

"misstatements of what the council said and what the council meant as could not be excused in any other man."

Why *misstatements* may be excused in Dr. Cheever and not in any other man, Dr. Bacon does not say, but he doubtless knows, or he would not have made so unkind an insinuation against his independent brother. But Dr. Bacon follows on with such denunciations as this:

"From beginning to end he (Dr. C.) represents 'the case' on which the council was called, and to which the result of council was carefully limited, as being what it was not, and what, with his intelligence and opportunities, he ought to have known it was not."

But the "unkindest cut of all" is to come. Dr. Bacon says:

"Some would have supposed that of all men living in this nineteenth century, Dr. Cheever, the world-famous champion of free thought and free speech in the midst of a pro slavery and cotton-trading generation, would be the last to call in question anybody's right of censure or of sitting in judgment on the doings of whatsoever personage, corporation or judicature, ecclesiastical or civil."

So at last the Abolitionists themselves are learning that the greatest enemies of free thought, free discussion, free opinions and free actions are the men who are the loudest in denouncing others as pro-slavery.

The Rev. Dr. Storrs, in a public address, says of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher in his church:

"I do not know that I ever happened to be in this church on occasion of a public service when those unfortunate ministers who are not able to keep up with Brother Beecher, in his rapid strides forward in the furtherance of unlimited freedom and righteousness, were not compelled, directly or incidentally, to take from him a scoring."

The men who are given to "scoring" others, thus get scored by their own brethren once in awhile, and it is only reasonable to hope that much good may it do them.

A DOUGLAS SHRIEK!

From The Cincinnati Enquirer (Postmaster Faran's paper).

WE publish elsewhere the Standing Committees of the new Senate, which convened at Washington on the 4th of March. For some years, the Northern and Western Democrats have had cause to complain of the arrangement of these Committees. More than once Senators from those States have given expression to their dissatisfaction in strong terms. We had hoped that some attention would be paid to these complaints in the new arrangement, but truth compels us to say that it is not in all respects acceptable to the Northern and Western Democracy. Not a single chairmanship of an important Committee is given to any Senator who represents the great North-West, which polls as many votes as the whole fifteen Southern States. The North-West is ably represented on the Democratic side. It would seem no more than fair that a due regard should be paid to locality by selecting some of these gentlemen as chairmen of the important Committees. If the Democratic Senatorial strength from the free States is small, it should be remembered that it represents a numerical body of men by far greater than that from the South. The staunch Democracy of most of the Northern Democratic Senators will not be disputed.

They are as true to all the constitutional rights of the South as any members from the South, and seldom err on political questions. Combating as they do a strong sectional sentiment at home, and placing their political reputation and fortunes at hazard, they should be strengthened by being assigned prominent places in the organization of the Senate. We would like to have, for instance, the Chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Relations assigned to a Senator representing the progressive and glorious West—whose patriotism and foresight on all subjects relating to our foreign relations is so well known and appreciated. Mr. Mason, of Virginia, who holds that position, is "fogyish" in his ideas, and singularly, in our judgment, unsuited for the place. At the last session he was opposed to the Cuba Thirty-Million bill, which was desired by a large majority of the Senate, and introduced a weak substitute for Mr. Slidell's measure, that was not acceptable either to the Senate or the country. Aside from the impropriety of one State monopolizing the two most important Senatorial Committees, which are now given to Virginia, considerations of national policy demand the change. We want a more vigorous and bold head of the Foreign Relations than Mr. Mason. We hope that at the next session this Senatorial programme will be changed, and that the North-Western Democrats will take the lead in two or three of the important committees.

Selections.

PHILADELPHIA FEMALE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

REPORT FOR 1857, 1858.

THIS Society celebrates, to-day, its twenty-fifth anniversary. A quarter of a century ago, sixteen women met together, in this city, to organize themselves into an Association to work for the abolition of American slavery. To this great work they brought hearts filled with sympathy for the oppressed, singleness of purpose, faith in the Right, and the wisdom and strength which is born of these. They did not bring a map of their future course, a plan of work which should stretch over the years which intervened between them and the accomplishment of their object; they brought a principle which should be a living soul, informing and guiding that action. The duties and trials of that course, the varied forms in which their antagonist would meet them, it was not theirs to foresee. They saw, in the land, a mighty system of oppression, which counted its victims by millions, which had grown up under the sheltering influence of a government which professed to be established for the protection of freedom; and they clearly saw and deeply felt that it was the simplest Christian duty to do what they could for its destruction. Therefore they addressed themselves to the work, and, with their coadjutors of the American Anti-Slavery Society and its auxiliaries, commenced the great moral enterprise which is now revolutionizing this nation. They came not to this work rashly, as not having counted the cost, but firmly resolved to be faithful unto the end. What their hands found to do, they did, patiently and perseveringly; and as the changing aspect of the times demanded of them new methods of action, they were enabled to meet each emergency. During those periods when the souls of Abolitionists were sternly tried by persecution from without and treachery within their ranks, the founders of this Society neither swerved nor faltered, and through long years of toil they pursued their work with unwearied fidelity.

"Thus year by year passed on,
As one by one they fell,
And heard their Master's voice proclaim
That they had labored well."

Of that band only six remain among us to-day. The graves of some are with us; others have found their last resting-place, or are still pursuing their anti-slavery work, in other sections of our country. Their places are now occupied by others, who have, from time to time, enrolled themselves in our ranks, and other hands bear aloft the banner which they first uplifted, inscribed with the doctrine of "Immediate Emancipation." It has been our aim to conduct the labors of this Society in the spirit in which it was founded. How successful this effort has been, the Reports of the Society will show, in part. These have annually recorded our movements, with the exception of the year 1857, of which no report was issued. This omission requires that we should now briefly review our proceedings during that year.

Our minutes show a larger appropriation of money to the circulation of anti-slavery newspapers than in previous years. Besides our usual subscription for fifty copies of THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, ten copies of *The Liberator*, ten of *The Anti-Slavery Bugle* and five of the London *Anti-Slavery Advocate*, the sum of twenty dollars was appropriated to *The Daily News*, an anti-slavery paper published in Newport, Kentucky; and ten dollars to *The Provincial Freeman*, published in Canada.

Our Fair of 1857 was held soon after that terrible panic, consequent on sudden and wide-spread bankruptcy, seized the commercial world. The Managers of the Fair anticipated but a meagre return for their labors, at such a time, for pecuniary embarrassment, in greater or less degree, was almost universal in our community; and some friends of our cause even regarded the attempt to hold a fair as of very doubtful expediency. The results, as the Report of the managers shows, surpassed the expectations of the most sanguine, proving that, even under the pressure of commercial distress, the friends of the anti-slavery cause could not neglect its claims. During that year our Society was strengthened by an accession of several new members.

In searching for tokens of the progress of our cause, our inquiries are answered by many indications of an improved public sentiment. Among them is the fact that the Literary Societies of some of our most celebrated Northern Colleges selected, as the orator of their anniversaries, a prominent Disunion Abolitionist. The probable fact that their election was guided by a desire to obtain one of the finest orators in our country does not detract from the soundness of our inference; for, a few years ago they would not have dared, even had they desired, to invite Wendell Phillips thus to confer pleasure and honor upon them. The Southern press, which freely poured out its lamentations on those occasions, was not unreasonable in pointing to such a fact as evidence that hostility to the "peculiar institution" of the South was "becoming deeper and deadlier in the minds of the young men of the North."

The attempt of the Compensation Convention, of that year, to arrange a practicable plan for ridding the nation of the evil of slavery, by the purchase of its victims, futile as it necessarily was, and weak as was the anti-slavery principle of most of the persons engaged in it, was still an indication of a feeling in the community that slavery, if not a sin to be denounced by the thunders of the Abolitionists, and to be repented of by a guilty nation, was at least an evil which must be removed.

The violent agitation in the American Tract Society, produced by the application, by a few of its members, of the principles of Christianity to its practice, though it resulted in little more than a revelation of the deep corruption of that mighty association, and its complete subjection to its Southern masters, was an indication of the growing anti-slavery feeling of the people of the North.

And even in the efforts of the Slave Power to establish the Constitutional right of the slaveholder to carry his slaves into any State of this Union, and hold them there, in defiance of State law, efforts cautiously commenced, but soon boldly avowed and pursued by Executive and Judicial servants of the Slave Power, even in these we read the fact that our foe is desperate because terror-stricken; that he feels that all must be gained or all will be lost.

The year 1857 will be remembered, in time to come, as the year of the infamous decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, commonly called the "Dred Scott Decision," and may be placed in the same dark catalogue as the year 1850, which witnessed the disgrace of our country in the Fugitive Slave bill.

The records of our Society during the year 1858 show undiminished confidence in the methods of action pursued in former years. Our usual appropriations were made for circulating anti-slavery newspapers, and the principal portion of our funds was put into the treasury of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, to be used, under the direction of its Executive Committee, in the promotion of our cause in this State by means of lectures, tracts, etc., and by contributions to the support of the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society. In that Executive Committee our Society is largely represented, and in many of the meetings for anti-slavery lectures or discussion, held under its direction, our own members have borne their part.

Our Fair was commenced with stronger hope of pecuniary success than we indulged a year previously, and its proceeds, though less than we have usually obtained in years of prosperity, were sufficient for ample recompense for the labor it involved, and for encouragement for future effort in that department.

As our Association is a constituent of that large body known as the American Anti-Slavery Society and its auxiliaries, the success of the part will be found in the success of the whole. That success which is to be one day made manifest to all by the abolition of American slavery is now discerned, in a multitude of tokens, by the intelligent watcher of the signs of the times. The heart of the North is slowly but surely returning to its old love of liberty, and learning to apply the principles of true democracy to that barbarous institution which has so long cursed the South, and bound with its mighty spell the conscience of the North. Evidences of this may be seen in certain judicial decisions during the past year; and in enthusiastic outbreaks of popular opposition to the execution of the Fugitive Slave statute. Of the former, the decision of Judge McArthur, of Wisconsin, in the case of Sherman M. Booth *vs.* Arnold and Ableman, is worthy of notice, as it was based on the unconstitutionality of the Fugitive Slave statute of 1850, and was a maintenance of State rights against the encroachments of the Federal Government. The ruling of the Court, in the case of Geo. Shaw, tried before Judge McClure, in Pittsburg, on a charge of kidnapping, and convicted, was a cheering indication of a disposition to use legal technicalities for the protection of the slave, rather than, as heretofore, for the aid of the kidnapper. As the anti-slavery principle of the North gathers strength, such decisions as these will increase in number and frequency, until the States now called *free* shall become so in verity, by sacredly protecting the liberty of every human being upon their soil. That one of our Northern States has, during the past year, expressed, through her legislation, her determination to do this is cause for rejoicing, and should be an incentive to us to do what in us lies towards such a renovation of public sentiment in our own State that the glory of such a legislative act may be linked with the name of Pennsylvania. That she is making some progress, though with feeble and faltering steps, in the march of freedom, is seen in the results of her last elections. An evidence that the hearts of a portion of her people are fully imbued with the truth that "Man is more than Constitutions," and that his God-given rights are more sacred than human statutes, was displayed a few months since, in the forcible rescue from the United States Marshal of a resident of Blairsville, who was arrested on the charge of being a slave.

Even from the South we hear, from time to time, brave protests against slavery, and witness the struggles of earnest souls who would fain break the fetters of despotism which bind master as well as slave. Testimonies such as those, uttered at the peril of liberty or life, avenged, perhaps, by insult and injury, and lifelong banishment from Southern soil, are never uttered in vain. The violent responses which they elicit, but deepen the memory of them in men's minds, and the seeds of truth thus sown take root in many hearts. A most cheering sign of the times is the establishment of such a paper as the *Daily News*, in Newport, Kentucky, and the heroic perseverance with which it is sustained. This journal, now published under the name of *The Free South*, is doing battle against slavery on its own soil in so earnest a manner as to win for itself the commendations of THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD. With great self-sacrifice and suffering has the right to publish this paper on Southern soil been maintained by its brave editor and his family; and we have deemed it worthy of our sympathy and pecuniary aid, although on some points of anti-slavery doctrine we widely differ from it.

In the present position of political parties towards each other, as indicated by their leaders, there is much that is significant. In defining the issue of the next conflict between them, a leader of one of these parties, a very cool-headed statesman, already asserts that liberty and slavery cannot permanently exist in any country; that "it is the failure to apprehend this great truth that induces so many unsuccessful attempts at final compromise between the slave and free States, and it is the existence of this great fact that renders all such pretended compromises, when made, vain and ephemeral." Though these sentiments are to us familiar as household words, we have not been accustomed to hear them from the leaders of political parties, and we rejoice in the significance of the fact that a sagacious statesman regards such a truth as the strongest basis for the success of his party.

In looking at the condition of the American Church to find tokens of the progress of our cause, we find many evidences that the moral revolution which is moving political parties out of their places is also shaking the ecclesiastical institutions of the land. All our Churches and Church institutions, in which any energy for good or evil exists, have been more or less disturbed by this all-pervading topic of anti-slavery; and it has proved a powerful touchstone of character. The violent conflict still going on in the American Tract Society, and the increasing agitation in the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, plainly show that their large constituencies throughout the free States will no longer be quieted by the narcotics heretofore found efficacious.

The recent division in the Methodist Protestant Church, by the secession of its Free State Conferences from their slaveholding associates, is a cheering fact. Other evidences that the spirit of its founder has not wholly died out of the Methodist Church are found in the noble testimonies against slavery recently borne by some of her ministers, one of whom, J. S. Lame, a young and earnest man, was present at the last annual meeting of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, and gave us a thrilling account of his banishment from his home and church in Maryland, for the offence of writing a series of anti-slavery letters, which were published in *Zion's Herald*.

There are other indications of public sentiment, which attract our notice in a review of the year, which seem of a different character. The demand of the South for Federal legislation for the protection of slavery in the United States Territories; the increasing vigilance of the Slave Power, as evinced in such efforts for the suppression of free thought and speech as the incorporation of a man in the Maryland State prison, for the offence of having in his possession a copy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; and the inhuman proposal of a Convention of Slaveholders in Maryland to enslave or banish all the free colored population of that State, seem, at first sight, to indicate retrogression rather than progress of public sentiment. But it is only at first sight. On careful consideration, even these demonstrations of the Slave Power will be found to be indications of terror and conscious weakness. The citadel is in imminent danger, and every outpost must be vigilantly defended.

While we gather from the signs of the times abundant reason for rejoicing and hope, abundant confirmation of our faith that in a moral warfare against evil one can chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight, we are also fully aware that our victory is not yet won, and that undiminished vigilance and unwearied labor is demanded of us. Especially do we perceive and feel the importance of maintaining and disseminating the radical doctrines of the American Anti-Slavery Society, by the efficacy of which the great work of the abolition of American slavery is to be accomplished. The importance of fidelity in this respect on the part of Abolitionists is shown in the low moral standard, and consequent temporizing policy, of even the best political parties. While we heartily rejoice in any good which such parties may accomplish, and while we watch them with great interest, as indicators of public thought and feeling, we know that they are not agents in the renovation of the national heart; and we clearly see that those who seek to accomplish this work must have no union with slaveholders.

The character of the Northern Press, generally, shows us the importance of maintaining those newspapers which may be called the organs of our enterprise. Notwithstanding the great improvement in the tone of the Northern press, during the last few years, even the best portion of it is still far from being so imbued with the true anti-slavery spirit as to be able to do that work for which THE STANDARD, *The Liberator* and *The Bugle* have so long been needed. While such a journal as *The Independent* (one of the best, perhaps, of that class called religious, in this country) defends the A. B. C. F. M. against the just and faithful rebukes of Dr. Cheever, the need of a press of higher moral and religious tone is evident, and the duty of Abolitionists to sustain such a press is manifest.

And the position of the American Church towards the American slave, indicating, as it does, a low standard of Christianity, admonishes us to activity in the inculcation of those principles which alone exalt a nation. Although the subject of slavery is now forced upon the attention of the Church, which is partially aroused to its consideration, and although some of our ecclesiastical organizations are striving to perform, with greater or less fidelity, their duty to the slave, it is an obvious fact that the great body of the American Church still gives its influence on the side of the slaveholder. A minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church is sentenced to ten years imprisonment, in Maryland, for possessing a copy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and the only attention given to the fact, by the Philadelphia Conference, consists of expressions of disapprobation almost amounting to hisses, bestowed upon one of its members for presenting it to their notice. This Conference of two hundred ministers had no word of Christian sympathy for their suffering brother, nor of indignant rebuke for his persecutors.

That Kentucky mother, who, having obtained her own freedom, sought (as what mother would not?) to bring her children out of the land of bondage, and was, with them, arrested, carried back and left to the tender mercies of her pursuers, found in the man who usurped ownership in her children an elder in a Presbyterian Church. Yet the Presbyterian Churches of the North permit that man, and such as he, to come unrebuked within the pale of their communion. But time would fail us in the collation of facts like these to prove the Church's recreancy to Christ. It can never be a doubtful question on which side of a great moral reform the Church of a nation stands. If it is not for it, openly, visibly, unmistakably, its influence is against it. When the American Church recognizes in the person of the slave the hungering, thirsting, imprisoned, representatives of Christ on earth—when its heart is fully set in it to deliver the oppressed out of the hands of the oppressor—its voice will be heard in thunder-tones throughout the land, and its power will be so deeply felt that slavery will quickly die before it. A revival of a religion which would produce such a renovation as this in the heart of the Church would be hailed with joy and thanksgiving by every true philanthropist. But a revival which produces no such results, which goes on to its culmination without arousing in the great heart of the Church an intense and active sympathy with the terrible suffering of the slave, which gathers hundreds and thousands of professed Christians in assemblies for worship where faithful rebukes of our great national sin, and of the Church's apathy respecting it, and earnest outspoken prayer for the slave, are forbidden, yet elicits no indignant remonstrance from these thousands of professed Christians, such is not, in our estimation, a revival of the religion which Jesus taught. "We have not so learned Christ," from his life or from his words. To a Church which turns coldly away from the slave's appealing cry of anguish, which gives its influence to the support of American slavery, a system of unutterable wickedness and woe, the awful words of an ancient prophet are surely as applicable as they were to the Church in whose astonished ears they were first uttered: "To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me? saith the Lord." "Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto me; the new moons and sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, I cannot away with; it is iniquity, even the solemn meeting." "And when ye spread forth your hands, I will hide mine eyes from you; yea, when ye make many prayers, I will not hear: your hands are full of blood." From such a Church it is the duty of every true lover of God and man to *come out*, and be not a partaker in her sins.

In this Northern alliance with slaveholding, both in the Church and in the State, lies the great strength of American slavery. If the North will not believe this assertion on the testimony of Abolitionists, they will, perhaps, listen to it from the lips of Senator Hammond, of South Carolina, who assures them that the slave States can "accomplish nothing in this Union without the aid of faithful allies in the free States." Our aim is to destroy this alliance, to withdraw this aid which now enables a few hundred thousand slaveholders to buy and sell and hold as chattels four millions of their fellow-men. The means by which we seek to do this are arguments and expostulations addressed to the conscience and heart of the nation. Our trust is, as it has been from the beginning of our enterprise, in the power of Truth to destroy Error, in the strength of Right to vanquish Wrong. These weapons of our warfare the crafty politician may laugh to scorn, but, looking into the past, we see the centuries thick-strewn with trophies of their power, and we know that they can never lose their efficiency while the nature of the human soul remains unchanged.

In a review of the events of the last two years, we should not neglect to notice the increasing number of fugitives who pass through our city on their way from slavery to freedom. It is, sometimes, our privilege to see these way-worn travellers, to hear from their own lips the stories of their perilous flight, and to bid them God-speed on their way to a place of safety from oppression, which, with humiliation and sorrow we confess, is not yet within the limits of Pennsylvania. The angel of death has, during the past year, arrested and led away from the midst of us one whom these poor fugitives from slavery had great reason to fear. Judge Kane will be remembered, in Pennsylvania, as a man who doomed many of his fellow-beings to life-long slavery, who sought to stamp with the odium of treason the reputation of upright men, and who confined Passmore Williamson in a felon's cell, in the hope of compelling him to surrender to his own cruel power a mother and two children whom our laws had made free.

It gives us much pleasure to record, among the events of the past year, the formation of the Junior Anti-Slavery Society of Philadelphia. It is ever a cheering sight to see true and earnest souls laying upon the altar of a great and noble cause the beautiful offering of "the dew of their youth"; and to us who, through long years, have carried on the anti-slavery warfare in the Pennsylvania field, it is inexpressibly delightful to welcome to our ranks this battalion of young recruits, who so lately were children by our side, finding their merriest pastime in the saloons of our annual fair, or led by parents' hands to the anti-slavery meeting, where, perchance, their little hearts caught the first emotion of pity for the slave. As we see them, now, at the portals of manhood and womanhood, pausing to consecrate themselves to a great work of philanthropy, and to pledge their fealty to the American slave, our hearts overflow with gratitude for this fair harvest from our sowing, and for all its bright promise for the future. And we shall continue our warfare with more buoyant hearts, trusting that should we fall in our armor ere our foe is vanquished, this younger host will receive our banner from our dying hands, and bear it on to victory.

About to go forth to the labor of another year, we pause a moment, and, looking backward over the quarter of a century through which this Society has passed, and forward through the same period of time, we draw from the past abounding hope for the future; hope that when the next twenty-five years shall have finished their course, our nation will have made great advancement in knowledge and love of those principles of practical righteousness which alone can impart true life; that every vestige of slavery will have passed from our land, and the doctrine of the Brotherhood of Man be written, not on parchments only, but in living characters, deep in a People's heart.

PROSPERITY OF THE SLAVEHOLDERS—THE SLAVE TRADE.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Times.

NEW ORLEANS, Monday, March 14, 1859.

THERE is no disputing the fact that the Southern portion of the Confederacy is in a highly prosperous condition—perhaps never more so. Of all the great staples produced, the crops during the past year have been abundant, sales active and prices high. The recorded receipts of cotton at all the ports, to this date, foot up three millions and seventy-nine thousand bales. The amount yet to come in will exceed one million bales, giving a crop this year of over four million bales; and when we reflect that of this Great Britain takes something more than three millions, we can comprehend what a *clincher* we have on that old kingdom. Every department of business in this city is exceedingly active and money abundant. Transactions in Exchange during the past week reached the high figure of three and a half millions of dollars.

No species of property has felt the effect of this state of affairs more sensibly than negroes. The average price of field hands may be stated at $1,500, and the tendency is upward. A 1 'niggers' sell for $1,750 to $2,000. These rates were never reached but once before, and that was during the speculative times of 1836, and which were not of long continuance. The rates now, however, are the consequence of an actual necessity and demand. One of your Southern correspondents stated, not long since, that the Mississippi Valley was drawing the negro population from the Atlantic States. This is true, and to such an extent are the richer planters of the aforesaid valley investing in this species of property that many are beginning to think there is danger ahead, and that it is time to stop. In several of the Louisiana districts there are ten blacks to every white man, woman and child, and it has become necessary to keep up the district police and guard. (Happy slaves!)

New York must soon feel the effect of the highly prosperous state of affairs to which allusion has been made. The South is getting out of debt and beginning to accumulate surplus capital.

But little interest in politics is manifested. Slidell and party may be considered defunct, and the people generally are content to let the fire-eating disunionists play the game out with their Northern opponents, having no fears of an invasion of their vested rights at present. If any feeling can be discovered in this section, it is that of loathing for everything in and about Washington, politically and socially.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla., Saturday, March 5, 1859.

There is one thing that operates against the speedy occupation and development of Florida lands. It is the high price of negroes. A little study on this point will perhaps afford some explanation of the determination to reopen the slave trade, so suddenly sprung upon the country by the Wanderer.

The slave trade in the United States was abolished at the instance of the South, not from motives of humanity, but in obedience to those imperious laws which regulate labor, trade and commerce. Then there was an equilibrium. More slaves would have been a burden—less would have created a scarcity. For several years past a silent yet slow process has been going on. It is that the slave population has been concentrating in the slave portion of the Mississippi Valley. There the lands are richer. There more of the great staples, such as cotton, corn, tobacco and sugar, can be raised to the hand. The planters are able and willing to pay the present prices for negroes, hence the reopening of the slave trade is not looked upon with favor in that region. They prefer to let well enough alone, fearing to raise new issues that might as well be avoided. But it is gradually being understood and felt in the Carolinas, Georgia and Florida that the case is different. The quality of the land in these States as compared with that of the Mississippi Valley is poorer. The planters are not so wealthy. The scarcity and high price of negroes prevent new lands from being occupied and lessen the profits of old plantations, and, therefore, the cry now is "*more negroes and at lower prices.*" The demand will probably call forth a supply. There is more going on in this business than is generally known. It is rumored that two cargoes have been landed on the Gulf coast of Florida, and that more of the same sort are coming. The bark Ardanes, the captain of which was arrested in Jacksonville, some time since, finally sailed from that port with American papers, and is now well known to be filled with African stock either for Cuba or this coast. Other vessels are known to be engaged in the same business. If the slave trade is not in reality reopened at this time, the indications are that it soon will be, and continued until the present demand is satisfied. No more respect is paid to United States laws on the subject, by those interested, than the lover of good brandy pays to the Maine liquor law. This is no doubt partly owing to the demoralized condition of our Administration and the politics of the country generally. When you talk to a planter about the sin of the business *as against the negro*, he is so thoroughly satisfied of the advantage derived from the change by the sable population, the rapidity with which it contributes to the power and wealth of the great Northern hive, himself coming out last and least, that his blood boils by reason of the mistaken ground of action on the part of Abolitionists, not from fear that he is to be deprived of his rights.

OCEOLA.

DEMOCRACY ILLUSTRATED.

THE State of Arkansas was cradled, nursed and reared in what, in the swindling cant of our political confidence men, is termed Democracy. It has never had any other than a Democratic Governor, Legislature or Senator in Congress, and but once, by chance, for a few days, a Whig member of the House. No Harrison tornado, no enthusiasm for Old Zack, was ever able to shake the Democratic constancy of Arkansas. She has ever been the most uniformly, reliably Democratic State in the Union.

—*The Little Rock Gazette and Democrat* of the 19th ult. contains the following:

"THE FREE NEGRO BILL.—The Legislature has passed a bill to expel free negroes from the State. They have until January, 1860, to dispose of their property, and make other arrangements for leaving. If they do not go then, it is made the duty of sheriffs to seize them and hire them out to the highest bidder for one year, giving them the net proceeds of their labor to enable them to leave the State. The bill provides that such free negroes as desire to remain, may choose masters—the County Court having them appraised, and the master or mistress they have chosen paying half their value into the Common School fund of the county."

Hereupon Mr. Henry King, a free man of color residing in Little Rock, is constrained to advertise as follows:

DESIRABLE PROPERTY for SALE in Little Rock. The undersigned offers his HOUSES and LOTS, numbered 4, 5 and 6 in block numbered 170, in Little Rock, For Sale. They are located west of the residence of Judge Watkins. The improvements consist of two houses—one with four rooms, and four fire-places; and the other with two rooms, and two fire-places. There are, also, on the premises, a smoke-house, a well of good water, and fruit trees, embracing a choice selection of apples and peaches. The above described property offers a good inducement to any one desirous of making an investment in property in Little Rock.

Little Rock, February 16, 1-59. HENRY KING.

—*The Gazette and Democrat* aforesaid (and it is the Democratic State organ) thus comments:

"Henry King is a free colored man, and, in obedience to the late act of the Legislature, is making preparation for leaving the State. We have known him from our boyhood, and take the greatest pleasure in testifying to his good character. Wherever he may go, we wish him well, and the community to which he casts his lot will always be blessed with that 'noblest work of God,' 'an honest man.'"

—If Mr. King should not be able to sell his property in Little Rock so as to get clear of the State before 1860 commences, he will have the consolation, on being sold to the highest bidder, that half his purchase-money will go toward the education of the rising generation of white gentlemen who constitute the Democracy of Arkansas. Don't they appear to need it?

Reader! how do you like this exhibition of Arkansas Democracy? Or, to come directly to the point, how *would* you like it if you had been born colored and your name was Henry King? And should the fact that you did not happen to be so born make any difference in your sentiments?—*Tribune.*

DR. GUTHRIE ON AMERICAN SLAVERY.

The N. Y. Observer having spoken in high terms of the Rev. Dr. Guthrie of Edinburgh, in connection with a speech of his on the British rule in India, the subjoined letter was addressed to that eminent divine, and the answer, which we print below, received from him:

NEW YORK, Dec. 28, 1859.

REVERREND AND DEAR SIR: Those of your brethren in America who know anything about the "black and bloody history" of British rule in India admire the noble stand you have taken in rebuking so severely the sins of your country, which have made the name of Britain, as the sin of slavery has that of the United States, a by-word and a hissing among the nations of the earth. We admire your noble independence, and bid you God-speed.

But we feel that you are compromised by the commendations of certain journals here which, at the same time that they applaud your course, hurl their anathemas against any ministers of the Gospel in this country who have enough of the true spirit of Christianity to disregard the clamors of a certain class of false conservatives, and bring the truths of God's word to bear upon slavery—the most gigantic sin of this or any other age.

Are you not thus compromised? Are they not misusing your eloquent denunciations against the sins of your country to strengthen the adamant wall that is being built about the monster iniquity of our own.

They contend that ministers of the Gospel should allow this sin to rest and die out of itself. We feel that the Gospel inculcates no such thing. We feel that where sin is, there the light of heavenly truth should be shed. And this, too, at the risk of disquiet, at the risk of agitation. We feel that "First pure, then peaceable," is a rule that comes to us from Heaven's own pure fountain of truth and law, and that any opposition to that is heaven-defying impiety!

May we not ask that you will not permit yourself to be thus compromised, but that you will give us your views of American slavery, and of the duty of ministers and people in regard it, that the inconsistency of these men may be clearly seen? Such a statement from you would do great good here. We shall be glad to present your views on this important subject to the American people.

In the bonds of Christian fellowship, I am your humble and obedient servant. EDWIN FERRIS.

[*Copy of Reply.*]

EDINBURGH, January 24, 1859.

DEAR SIR: In answer to yours of 29th December, let me say that *no man holds slavery in greater abhorrence than I do; that I mourn over the disgrace which it entails on your country*, and that *I am astonished* that the *Christian ministers* of the free States especially do not, *one* and *all of them, lift up their voice like a trumpet against it.* It is a *deep sin* against God and man, and *should be blotted out, be the consequences what they may.*

You will find my sentiments on that subject stated pretty clearly and fully, in a volume of sermons which I lately published in this country, and which has been republished by the Messrs. Carter of your city. The volume is entitled "Christ and the Inheritance of the Saints." The sermon in the volume where I touch on the subject of your letter is the seventh, entitled "Redemption." And praying God to bless the means employed to *strike the fetters from the limbs of our brethren, and wipe out the stain from your otherwise noble country and people*, believe me,

Yours truly, (signed) THOMAS GUTHRIE.

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE XIth CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT OF OHIO.

FELLOW-CITIZENS: The official relation which I have so long held towards you has ceased. After a protracted service in Congress, I have returned to my humble home, relieved from the responsibilities of official life. From the character of the duties which have devolved upon me for the last twenty years, you may well conceive the emotions which I experience on again mingling, as a private and independent citizen, with the companions of my youth.

To say that I entertain a profound respect for the people with whom I have associated in childhood, in manhood and in the fulness of mature age, would be merely saying that I obey that law of Heaven which was ordained for the happiness of mankind. Yet I can say no more than that the pleasure of obeying this law has been enhanced by each repeated expression of your confidence, until gratitude has filled my heart. The only return I could make for your long-continued support was fidelity to your rights, your interests and honor. Of that it does not become me to speak.

I feel constrained to declare the duty of government to separate and purify itself from all legislative, executive and moral support of slavery, and to exert its influence and constitutional powers to secure all men in the enjoyment of that liberty which is necessary to cherish and protect life, attain knowledge and prepare for heaven. Although these doctrines originally constituted the essential elements of our republic, they had long been abandoned by those who wielded official power, by political organizations and by politicians. I believed them to constitute the cherished sentiments of those whom I represented, and I felt bound to maintain them. The performance of this imperative duty brought me in conflict with the long-established policy, the declared opinions of statesmen, of men high in office and high in the confidence of the American people, as well as with the prejudices of ignorance and the bigotry of political managers. The struggle was long and severe. I had no hope except in the omnipotent power of truth, and your fidelity to freedom. Of the intensity of those conflicts which so rapidly succeeded each other for seventeen years, I have no time to speak; it is sufficient to say that the combination of religious, moral and political truths, pressed as they were upon the public mind, could not fail of success. Based upon God's attribute of justice, they must be respected. Indeed, the victory has been already achieved. The lovers of liberty at this moment wield the moral power of our nation; and the government, with its patronage, its great power and wide-spread influence, must soon fall into their hands; and the immutable law of justice which has already given them power will continue it so long as they act in harmony with the doctrines to which they are unequivocally pledged.

This reformation in the religious and political character of our nation will not probably be fully appreciated by those on whom it now operates. The coming generation will see its effects more distinctly, and will estimate its importance more accurately.

I deem myself fortunate in having lived at this important period of our history. Nor do I deem it unkind that you should have selected another to represent you hereafter. It was your duty to do so at such time as you believ

of no use; he was suspected of an intention to run away, was hurried to the slave pen on *Sunday*, and sold the next Thursday, in spite of bitter tears—and the master was compelled to meet in class without his servant. Rev. R. L. Brooks is said to be preacher in charge, and Rev. G. Battelle, Presiding Elder. By looking at our Minutes of the Conferences, we find that Rev. R. L. Brooks is stationed at Burnersville, with F. H. J. King for a colleague, and Rev. G. Battelle is the Presiding Elder. Bro. Battelle was a member of our last General Conference.

The *Itinerant* proceeds to inform us that in the same class John Hursey sold a slave boy, in spite of the tears of his mother, in the same way, and is yet "an acceptable member"; and also Col. N. L. Patton purchased two or three slaves, and then withdrew from the Church, taking "a letter of good standing"; also "James Lynch, Esq., who lives on Brown's Creek," purchases slaves freely. All these, we are further informed, are only specimen cases, and that members of the M. E. Church there buy, sell and "grow" slaves, "as other persons, and the Church refuses to deal with them for the same."

Some may ask, why retail this "slander"? We pity any of our readers who have not yet learned the position of *Zion's Herald*. It is this—perfect fairness. If we learn of any fact commending our Church in that region, we publish it; and if we learn of any showing complicity with slavery, we publish it. We are determined that the public shall know as much as we do about the subject. We belong to no party, and seek the special favor of none, and fear the opposition of none. We hate the institution of buying and selling, and "growing" men and women for the market, as we do the devil; and the less we should hate it, the less self-respect we should have.

Let, then, the facts be made known, and the border decide whether they will be free from slavery or not. If yes, then we will unite all our influence with theirs; if no, the sooner they are separated from us the better.—*Zion's Herald.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1859.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard*, 138 *Nassau street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti Slavery Standard*, 138 *Nassau street, New York.*"

WE shall commence next week the publication of a series of Letters from Mrs. HARRIET MARTINEAU, of England, upon the Political Events of Europe, as they implicate, directly or indirectly, the Anti-Slavery Cause, and show what is and what ought to be the interaction of Great Britain and the United States upon the subject of slavery. These Letters cannot fail to add very materially to the interest and usefulness of THE STANDARD, since they will shed a clear and vivid light upon matters of the highest importance. Our friends, we hope, will avail themselves of this favorable opportunity to serve the cause by enlarging our circulation.

DOING THE IMPOSSIBLE.

ALAS for "Asiatic scenery and physical geography!" The laws of both are derided and set at nought by slavery. Scarcely more than nine years ago Mr. Webster assured the world that slavery was, of necessity, excluded from the Territory of New Mexico by the operation of these paramount constitutions enacted by Nature, and now the Constitution enacted by man for that same domain establishes slavery by provisions of the most impiously stringent character. Poor Mr. Webster thought it unnecessary to reënact the laws of God in order to keep slavery within certain degrees of latitude and longitude. He is called a statesman, and perhaps was flattered into believing that he was one; and yet he did not know that slavery exists everywhere by the repeal of the laws of God. Every statute in the Slave Code, every clause in the United States Constitution recognizing slavery and helping it, every act of Congress made under that Constitution, is a solemn repeal of the everlasting laws of God, by which every child of God is made a free agent, responsible to Him for the use he makes of the faculties and opportunities afforded to him. Mr. Webster thought it impossible that slavery should enter in and possess a land which, in his opinion, was not well suited to its needs. As if slavery cared for impossibilities! As if doing the impossible were not the chief business of its abominable life!

We need not remind those of our readers whose acquaintance with our incubations extends so far back, that we were never deluded by this sophistical evasion of the facts of history and the lessons they enforce. We, without doubting, declared from the beginning that what has now come to pass was certain to happen—that it would inevitably come along in its turn in the march of events. And here it has overtaken us within less than ten years after the false prophet had prophesied smooth things so that he might deceive the people. New Mexico has been debauched by our evil communications since we compelled her to come into our family against her will. Before we stole her from the household to which she naturally and properly belonged, she was pure of this great iniquity. A slave that escaped from his master unto her was free from his master and might live anywhere that pleased him best within her borders. As soon as she was adopted by us, she was stripped of the hospitable right of sanctuary and her soil became lawful hunting-ground for the chasers of men. And now, so thoroughly have we corrupted her good manners, she steals men with as cheerful a readiness as we do ourselves, and watches over her rights of robbery, her privileges of piracy, with a refinement of jealousy to be learned only in the normal school of American Democracy. Mr. Webster, who, though an able advocate in any cause where his brief was full, was not a wise man, even in his generation, may have believed the atrocious nonsense he gave lip to on this matter; but how the battered old slaveholders who were using him as their tool, and had nothing to say in contradiction of his philosophy, must have laughed in their sleeves to hear him talk!

Slavery has always been doing the impossible. In 1789 it was impossible it could last long in the nature of things, and so the people of the free States consented to wink at its smuggling into the Constitution, in the faith that it would soon die a natural death. But, warmed in the Federal bosom, the young serpent grew into the dragon which now threatens to devour us up and to blast the whole land with its breath. National protection and the control its principle of union gave it of National affairs, aided by the invention of the Cotton-gin, which it stole from Whitney, has fed it fat and made it exalt its horn against all that is called God and all that makes man worthy to be named the son of God. The introduction of Missouri with a slave Constitution was deemed an impossibility, and yet it is near forty years since it was done. So was the annexation of Texas. For years the Abolitionists were warning the people of the plot which was silently ripening to fruition, and they were met on all sides by a yawning denial of the possibility of any such thing happening. And yet it is near fifteen years since the *coup d'état* which completed the villany was struck at midnight by John Tyler, just as he was giving up the Presidential ghost. Even the Abolitionists, whose Cassandra-like vaticinations have ever been informed by a true spirit of divination as to evil at hand, even they were taken by surprise at the stupendous impudence of the Repeal of the Missouri Compromise, when it was first proposed; though they never questioned that it would be successfully carried through and have never been mistaken as to the consequences that have flowed from it.

The rehabilitation of the slave trade, too, has been pronounced an impossibility in practice and an absurdity in theory. And yet we have seen cargoes of slaves landed on our coast and sold for working purposes, and more openly advertised for. To all intents and purposes, the slave trade is opened again, and it is not very material whether the sanction of the Federal government be had for it or not. The Federal government is merely impotent for any good, or even any *bad*, purpose in the several States, when it has to encounter the public opinion of the inhabitants thereof. The Federal officers may arrest the crew of the Wanderer and try them; but where is the jury to be found that will convict them? Even in Massachusetts, although Burns was carried back by the Brigade that bears his name, no man who broke into the Court-house for his rescue, killing one of the wretches in charge, has ever been even brought to trial. And of the rescuers of Shadrach, where trials were attempted, with every possible facility for the packing of juries afforded by the Judges and used by the Marshals, not a single conviction was had. In Wisconsin, Mr. Booth goes unmolested about his business, snapping his fingers in the face of the Supreme Court at Washington, because he has the public sentiment of his State, incarnated in its highest State Court, to stand behind him. If, even in the free States, public opinion is so mighty for the obstruction of wicked laws, even where they have not the pluck openly to defy them, how much more absolute is the power of the slave States to set aside any good laws which, in their opinion, interfere with their highest good? Let South Carolina, or Georgia, pass an act legalizing the trade and forbidding any of their citizens from interfering with it, officially or otherwise, and the supply of slaves from Guinea will become as open and as regular as that from Virginia, in spite of the teeth of Uncle Sam.

As our whole national history has been one of impossibilities accomplished by the magic wand of slavery, it is a bold man that will affirm any imaginable legislation to be impossible. It is no more impossible that Congress should declare the discussion of slavery by speech or the press a felony, punishable with death, than that it should have done many things which have gone into history. And, if it should, it would be sure of the countenance of the Supreme Court, which would be swift to declare such a law strictly constitutional as well as eminently wise. But, fortunately, there is a white as well as a black side to this shield hung up by the wayside of our political pilgrimage. There are, happily, impossibilities North as well as impossibilities South, and we may perhaps learn to do some of them in humble imitation of our Southern brethren. It has been declared impossible—indeed, we think Mr. Webster himself has authentically pronounced it—that the law-abiding North can ever do anything to hinder the free chase of the negro over the fields of its farms and through the streets of its cities. Yet Wisconsin has judicially declared the Fugitive Slave law a dead letter, and Vermont has declared by statute that no one shall pretend to hold, or presume to claim, any human being as a slave in the Green Mountain jurisdiction, excepting on the penalty of the punishment of a felon. And bills to the same effect have been reported, not without hope of their passage, to the Legislatures of this State and of Massachusetts. We trust that we shall not permit South Carolina and Georgia to have the monopoly of doing the impossible. And the sooner the example is set, the better for all concerned.

This attempt to reduce the impossible to practice, though to Republicans a stumbling-block and to the Democrats foolishness, is one certain to succeed, sooner or later. The people of the North are fast growing to feel that there are two ends to a Constitution as well as to an egg. And though, as in the Empire of Lilliput, the faction of the Little-endians have held to this day that theirs was the only orthodox end to break, still we Big-endians are beginning to discern that a fracture is possible at our end also. The impossible at the time of the adoption of the Federal Constitution seemed to be to give the Central power strength enough for the preservation of the peace and the maintenance of order. That impossibility has been so well conquered that all power is claimed for it, by the most National Democrats—at least, over the Northern part of the country. Now, the impossible which claims our performance is the restoration to the separate States of their indefeasible rights of self-government and self-protection. That this will be accomplished, sooner or later, is as certain as any other logical necessity. As a people may lose their liberties in a day and not find out their loss in half a century, so, after they have discovered their calamity, it must take time to pick them up and get them together again. The politicians of all shades, and the Republicans as much as any, are desirous of putting off the evil day of justice and self-respect as long as possible. One chance more at the White House were surely cheaply purchased by a little time-serving and men-pleasing. But the day is coming, yea is at the door, when truly to serve the time and wisely to please men will be to do justly and to show spirit and courage rather than vacillation and submission. Since "physical Geography and Asiatic scenery" have not sufficed to keep slavery out of New Mexico, we can at least try to meet this impossibility accomplished by another, so that by our moral geography and Arctic scenery we may hinder its entrance forever into our Northern territory.

OUR ENGLISH ALLIES.

WE never think of our faithful allies in Great Britain without strong emotions of gratitude and delight. United to each other by the same broad principles which have ever characterized the American Anti-Slavery Society, they welcome the cooperation of every association that is working for the abolition of slavery, in whatever form or country it exists. We have had painful occasion to know when those who *said* they were doing this were only using the name of the cause in order to get a chance the better to defend slavery. Whoever is faithful to the principles of freedom in a land under slave-domination of a strength sufficient to disconcert the government of Great Britain must needs be in the post of trial, and used as the instrument of Providence to show who are and who *are not* working for the abolition of slavery. In America, up to this time, who ever *has* wrought for this object has been assailed by whoever has *not* wrought for it, under every possible name and pretence. Names count for next to nothing in a land undergoing a revolution. But this we need not say to the Young Men's Anti-Slavery Society of Leeds. The following extract from their recent letter to the editor of the London *Anti-Slavery* [illegible] and their purpose, their rectitude and their sincerity. Before these all the practical difficulties of getting into action will speedily disappear. We hail their cooperation with joy, reciprocating their good wishes with all our hearts.

"We go upon the broad principle of acknowledging every Society which is working for the abolition of slavery, in whatever form or in whatever country it exists. We know that American slavery first claims our attention; that the American Anti-Slavery Society stands forth as the great champion and defender of the rights of the slave; we remember the obloquy and infamy that have been heaped upon its friends and advocates; and, considering this, we ought to have expressed our sympathy in their favor. No one for a moment will doubt our feelings in this respect who peruses our report, and marks the principles which it embodies and which we advocate.

"We, however, take this opportunity of testifying the sincere respect we entertain towards the American Anti-Slavery Society, the deep interest with which we regard their labors, and of tendering to them our best wishes for the prosperity of their cause. May they labor on, undaunted by the difficulties which surround their path, and may universal liberty crown their efforts!"

WISCONSIN STANDS FIRM.

THE Legislature of Wisconsin, on hearing that the United States Supreme Court had made a decision intended to override the sovereignty of that State as exercised in the case of Sherman M. Booth, immediately adopted the following resolutions:

Whereas the Supreme Court of the United States has assumed appellate jurisdiction in the matter of the petition of Sherman M. Booth for a writ of habeas corpus presented and prosecuted to final judgment in the Supreme Court of this State, and has, without process or any of the forms recognized by law, assumed the power to reader the judgment in a matter involving the personal liberty of the citizen, asserted by and adjudged to him by the regular course of proceedings upon the great writ of liberty, secured to the people of each State by the Constitution of the United States; and

Whereas such assumption of power and authority by the Supreme Court of the United States to become the final arbiter of the liberty of the citizen, and to overrule and nullify the judgment of the State Courts declarative thereof, is in direct conflict with that provision of the Constitution of the United States which secures to the people the benefit of the writ of habeas corpus; therefore,

Resolved, the Senate concurring, That we regard the action of the Supreme Court of the United States, in assuming the jurisdiction in the case before mentioned, as an arbitrary act of power, unauthorized by the Constitution, and virtually superseding the benefit of the writ of habeas corpus, and prostrating the rights and liberties of the people at the foot of unlimited power.

Resolved, That this assumption of jurisdiction by the federal judiciary, in the said case and without process, is an act of undelegated power, and therefore without authority, void, and of no force.

Resolved, That the government formed by the Constitution of the United States was not made the exclusive or final judge of the extent of the powers delegated to itself; but that, as in all other cases of compact among parties having no common judge, each party has an equal right to judge for itself, as well of infractions as of the mode and measure of redress.

Resolved, That the principle and construction contended for by the party which now rules in the councils of the nation, that the general government is the exclusive judge of the extent of the powers delegated to it, stop nothing short of despotism; since the *discretion* of those who administer the government, and not the *Constitution*, would be the measure of their powers; that the several States which formed that instrument, being sovereign and independent, have the unquestionable right to judge of its infraction, and that a *positive defiance* by those sovereignties of all unauthorized acts done, or attempted to be done, under color of that instrument, is the right remedy.

On Tuesday next the people of Wisconsin will elect a Judge of their Supreme Court, to take the place of Smith, whose term is about to close. The sham Democracy have nominated a candidate avowedly upon the ground that the Fugitive Slave law is Constitutional and paramount to all State enactments; while the Republicans support Byron M. Paine, who is thoroughly pledged to sustain the State's sovereignty against Federal usurpation. We fear the contest will be close, but hope for the election of Paine.

MOVEMENTS OF JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS.

ON Thursday evening of last week Mr. Giddings discoursed in the Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, upon the trial of John Quincy Adams in the House of Representatives of the XXVIIth Congress. The night was very stormy, but the audience was large and very enthusiastic. On Friday evening he repeated the same lecture at Clinton Hall, in this city, before the Young Men's Christian Union. The house was crowded and the interest intense. On Saturday he went to Eagleswood (near Perth Amboy, N. J.), to visit his friend Theodore D. Weld, under whose instruction he was first converted to the anti-slavery cause. On Sunday morning he delivered an appropriate address to the pupils of Mr. Weld's school and the other residents of Eagleswood; and in the evening, by particular request, he gave a very interesting account of the trial of Mr. Adams, to which Mr. Weld added some incidents from his own recollection, he having been an eye-witness of the scene. The evening was one of great enjoyment, not only to the scholars, but to all who were present. On Monday morning Mr. Giddings was present at the opening of the school, when Mr. Weld, in order to give his pupils some idea of the perilous scenes through which he (Mr. G.) had passed during his Congressional career, related the following incident, of which he (Mr. W.) was an eye-witness.

One day, while Mr. Giddings was addressing the House on the subject of slavery, Mr. Dawson, of Louisiana, was observed standing in the aisle behind him, his countenance wearing a threatening aspect, his hand clutching the handle of a Bowie-knife concealed under his coat. As Mr. G. uttered the closing words of his speech, Dawson rushed down the narrow aisle, and, in passing, gave him a sudden and violent push; he then turned round and faced Mr. G. in a defiant attitude, his hand grasping the handle of his Bowie-knife. He evidently expected Mr. Giddings would resent the insult by a blow, and no doubt intended, if he had done so, to assassinate him on the spot. The excitement in the House at this moment was intense. Mr. Giddings, however, was perfectly cool and self-possessed. "I suppose," said he to Dawson, "that you attempted to insult me." "I did," replied Dawson, defiantly. "Then give me leave to say," said Mr. Giddings, with imperturbable coolness, "that you attempted an impossibility. No one but a gentleman can insult me. In the region from which I came we leave such as you to wither under the scorn of the public." Mr. Dawson slunk away, disappointed and chagrined, and never again attempted to overawe the faithful champion of liberty.

Mr. Giddings then addressed the school in a very appropriate and feeling manner, when the scholars were allowed a recess in order that they might take leave of the venerable statesman. They all, boys and girls, crowded around him, each claiming a parting shake of the hand; and as the carriage that bore him away left the door, the teachers and pupils united in giving him three rousing cheers.

On Monday evening Mr. Giddings attended a meeting of the colored people of New York and Brooklyn, an account of which will be found in another column. On Wednesday evening he lectured in Newark, and on Thursday he left for Rhode Island, where he was engaged to make several addresses, to promote the election to Congress of his friend the Hon. Thomas Davis. After fulfilling this engagement, he will return to Ohio—perhaps stopping on the way to lecture at Worcester and Springfield.

TRACTS FOR THE TIMES.

WE ask the particular attention of the friends of the Anti-Slavery cause to the following new series of tracts, just issued by the AMERICAN and MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETIES. They afford an excellent opportunity and means of aiding the cause, and of disseminating its great truths and principles. A little money expended in them may be made to accomplish a great good. These tracts may all be had at the following low prices: by the *hundred*, $2; *dozen*, 30 cts.; *single*, 3 cts. Apply at the Anti-Slavery Offices, 21 Cornhill, Boston, and 138 Nassau street, New York.

GREAT AUCTION SALE OF SLAVES AT SAVANNAH, GEORGIA. Reported for *The Tribune.*

PRESENT CONDITION OF THE FREE COLORED PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES. By Rev. James Freeman Clarke.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, before the Committee on Federal Relations, of the Massachusetts Legislature, in behalf of the Petition for a Law against Slave-hunting.

NO FETTERS IN THE BAY STATE. Speech of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, on the same occasion.

SPEECH OF CHARLES C. BURLEIGH at the Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society—"No Slave-hunting in the Old Bay State."

SPEECH OF REV. HENRY BLEBY, Missionary to Barbadoes, on the Results of Emancipation in the British West India Colonies.

SLAVERY AND THE AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS. By C. K. W.

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, BOSTON. By C. K. W.

THE JUDICIARY OF MASSACHUSETTS.—The following extract from the Boston correspondence of the *Springfield Republican* relates to a matter of great importance in connection with the struggle for Northern independence against the usurpations of the Slave Power. It encourages us to hope that Massachusetts will ere long assume her rights as a sovereign State, careless of the fate of the Union, if not with deliberate intent to effect its dissolution.

"I learn that the judgeship upon the Supreme Bench made vacant by the resignation of Judge Thomas has been offered to Judge Allen of the Superior Court, but declined by him. This is the third time Judge Allen has declined a place in that Court. I suppose he finds his present place an easier one than the other would be. Judge Allen is not a man of great book learning. He goes very straight to his conclusions from legal principles which are very clear in his own mind, and he seldom makes mistakes. He is an admirable and the very best kind of a Judge, but legal lore would be irksome to him. His determination is very much to be regretted, and I wish it could be changed. We want two or three new men of courage and freshness on the Supreme Bench. If within five years we can have a bench which will reverse the cowardly ruling of the Court in the Sims case, and announce and maintain opinions of its own, instead of passing under the chain of Taney & Co., we shall do a greater work than if we elect a Republican President in 1860. Everybody is agreed that the Fugitive Slave law is unconstitutional, as well as hateful. Mr. Webster said in 1850 that no respectable lawyer held this opinion, but since then nearly all the respectable lawyers, except those interested in taking the opposite view, have come to this conclusion. Let me name Charles Allen, Robert Rantoul, Jr., Charles G. Loring, E. R. Hoar, and I might name many others. I believe Judge Thomas and perhaps Judge Bigelow and Judge Dewey would take a different view from that which the Court took in 1850. We shall soon have a Court which will be fully up to the spirit of the people; and when we do, we shall be as independent of Taney & Co. as Wisconsin now is. To this complexion must it come at last, or we must yield up everything to the demand of the masters of the Supreme Court, to wit, the slaveholders of the country. I hope that Governor Banks, who has thus far been wise and successful in his judicial appointments, will see that, in filling the vacancy, the new spirit of the people is fairly represented."

AN HONOR WELL BESTOWED.—The Legislature on Tuesday elected Rev. George B. Cheever, D.D., of this city, a Regent of the University. This ancient office has been held in days past by such men as the Clintons, the Livingstons, Alexander Hamilton, John Jay, Washington Irving, &c. The Board of Regents now numbers among its members Gulian C. Verplanck, James S. Wadsworth, Rev. Dr. Campbell, Gov. Morgan, E. C. Benedict and eighteen others. It has charge of all the Colleges and Academies in the State, the State Library, the Normal School and the various publications of the State.

The votes given for Dr. Cheever (*viva voce*) were as enthusiastic as they were deserved. In the Senate he received 15 to 11 and in the Assembly 88 to 25, or 103 of the 139 in both Houses. This flattering vote was peculiarly significant, following as it did a demonstration against Dr. Cheever's views of slavery made the previous evening in the Capitol by Judge Nott, at the invitation of the pro-slavery members of the Legislature.

THE GIDDINGS TESTIMONIAL.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

A LARGE and influential meeting of the colored people of New York and Brooklyn was held in Shiloh Presbyterian Church, Prince street, on Monday evening, for the purpose of tendering to the Hon. JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS a token of their regard for him as a defender of the rights of the colored race in the United States, and of the cause of universal freedom. At 8 o'clock precisely, the Rev. Dr. Cheever, Rev. Mr. Garnet, Hon. Joshua R. Giddings, Thomas Downing, Esq., and others entered the house and were greeted with thunders of applause, the organ playing in a lively manner, "The conquering hero comes."

Mr. Zuille moved that Rev. H. H. Garnet be President, and Mr. Wm. A. Tyson Vice-President, of the meeting, which was agreed to unanimously.

The exercises were commenced by Rev. Dr. Cheever, who offered one of his characteristic appeals to the Throne of Grace in behalf of the cause of freedom, and the speedy downfall of slavery. He prayed that the people might be of the right spirit, and that God would overturn that infamous decision of the Supreme Court of our nation, which had declared that "black men had no rights which white men were bound to respect."

The congregation then sung the song commencing,

"I am the friend of Liberty! *
I glory in the name,"

to the tune of "*Auld Lang Syne.*"

Rev. Henry Highland Garnet then proceeded to address the meeting at some length, having special reference to the services of the Hon. Joshua R. Giddings in Congress during the last twenty years. Mr. Garnet's address throughout was brilliant and appropriate. He concluded by presenting to Mr. Giddings a beautiful gold watch, the gold of which had been dug by free hands from the mines of California, and the works of which had been manufactured by free hands in Waltham, in the free State of Massachusetts. He said that they had provided no chain, as it was not intended to put a chain on such a man, but they were willing to *guard* him, and had provided accordingly. The inscription on the watch was as follows: "Presented to the Hon. JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS, the Champion of American Freedom, by the Colored People of New York and Brooklyn, March 28th, 1859." Mr. Garnet also, in the name of the ladies constituting the Giddings and Jolliffe Association, presented Mr. Giddings with a large Family Bible, handsomely gilt and bound, and beautifully inscribed.

Mr. Zuille moved the following resolutions:

Resolved, That this meeting tenders to the Hon. Joshua R. Giddings its heartfelt esteem for the able and fearless manner in which he has, for more than twenty years, in the House of Representatives of the United States, resisted the encroachments of the Slave Power of this nation, by his voice and pen, maintaining the faithful execution of the treaty obligations of the government, upholding justice against injustice, and, by every effort at his command, endeavoring to cause the legislation of the country to sustain freedom against slavery.

Resolved, That Mr. Giddings, on his retirement from Congressional life, carries with him the consciousness of a right course of action, the blessings of the God of the oppressed, and the sincere regard and best wishes of the friends of freedom throughout the land.

Resolved, That, as a very slight token of remembrance, we tender to Mr. Giddings this mark of our esteem, hoping that, when time shall be no more, he will reap the reward of obedience to that Higher Law of God embodied in His works and will.

The resolutions were put to the meeting and carried by acclamation.

The Hon. Joshua R. Giddings then came forward and expressed his gratitude for the kindness which they had exhibited towards him. He was not conscious, however, that he had ever done anything in particular which was not done at the prompting of duty. He had not contended for the cause of the freedom of any class or race in particular, but for all mankind, and hoped to occupy a place in the public arena fighting for freedom until he should withdraw from life's battle. He said that an issue of great import had been forced upon the American people, and especially upon the colored people of these United States, and they (the colored people) must meet it. And to this end they must prepare—they must educate their sons and their daughters to love liberty. He would not counsel war, but he said that a civil war was now doing its work upon the slaves of this country, and men must be ready to defend their country, their homes and their liberties. As for himself, he would say, what he had often said before, that if he was a slave, he would walk from Mississippi to Malden over the dead bodies of slaveholders to obtain his freedom. The decision of the Supreme Court had not been made upon the slaves of the South, but it had a general reference to colored men everywhere. He hoped that a virtuous and pure Church, with a fearless ministry in its pulpits, might soon be found to vindicate the cause of freedom.

The Rev. Dr. G. B. Cheever was next called upon. He read several passages from the admonitions of Paul, and urged upon the people the importance of prayer for the power of the Spirit of God to aid them in their battle against slavery. The fathers of the country, in the times of the Revolution, were men of strong, importunate, continuous, persistent prayer, and that Divine Spirit which gave them strength fitted them well as men of action, men of success, men for the time. Whatever resistance we offered to the diabolism of slavery must be through this medium. They must not forget their duty to their sons and their daughters; and if by any means any slaveholder should lay his unholy hand on their daughters, why then shoot him. This was one of the extremes to which the Slave Power applied itself, and nothing but extreme measures were equal to the emergency. He continued to speak at some length, placing particular emphasis on the duty of prayer among the Churches.

Mr. S. L. Macomber offered the following resolution, which was seconded and unanimously carried:

Resolved, That this meeting hails with joy the passage through the Assembly of this State of the resolutions striking from the Constitution of the State of New York that disgraceful clause which deprives native-born citizens of the right of full suffrage, and calls on the Senate of the State to pass the same through that body as speedily as possible.

The congregation sung the closing song, beginning

"Freeman, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are."

The Doxology was then pronounced, and the crowded assembly dispersed.

The choir, which gave great cheer to the services, was that belonging to Shiloh Church, under the able leadership of Mr. E. Dias.

A larger or more enthusiastic meeting of colored people has not been assembled on any similar occasion for many years.

H.

* We are sorry to see Mr. Garrison's fine song, "I am an Abolitionist," thus altered. Do the colored people of New York shrink from calling themselves Abolitionists? If not, why did they take such "liberty" with those noble lines?—*Editor.*

THE BIBLE TORTURED FOR THE DEFENCE OF SLAVERY.

ON the first page, under the appropriate head, will be found a letter recently addressed by certain leading champions of sham Democracy at Albany to the Hon. Benjamin Nott, asking that gentleman to deliver in that city a discourse vindicating slavery and slave-catching on Bible grounds; also the answer of Mr. Nott, in which he consents to the proposed arrangement. The following letter gives us the result of the correspondence.

ALBANY, March 29, 1859.

I had intended to give you some account of Judge Nott's lecture on the Bible and Slavery, delivered in the Capitol last evening. But, really, it is not worth the time and space it would occupy. It seemed more like an address from Stephen H. Branch, or Dr. Dunlap, than a serious attempt to prove from the Bible that slavery and its laws must be sustained and obeyed by a Christian people. The main position of Mr. Nott was that nothing on earth was in accordance with the moral law and that mankind were a total wreck. Hence it was foreign to the question to ask whether God sanctioned slavery, the Constitution, or the Fugitive Slave law. He admitted that he did not. But he endeavored somehow to make out that God *suffered* everything to be as it is (sanctioning nothing) and that government was the *highest law* and must be obeyed, be it what it may. His main idea was that an eternal and impassable separation exists between Politics and Morals. As to "Rights," which some Abolitionists talk so much about, the only right, under God's law, that *any* man had, was, to be punished in hell eternally! He had much to say of the "fall of man," "total depravity," "the curse of the law," &c. In short, his whole argument was based on despair and contempt of man. "It is no use, we are a hell-deserving set, any way. Why try to conform our laws to God's law? We can't, if we try." So he went on in an incoherent manner, occasionally stopping to denounce John Quincy Adams, New England, Garrison, Cheever and Beecher. Dr. Cheever's Church he compared to a "pirate ship." The audience, large and intensely fogy at first, finally dwindled to a handful of Abolitionists, who remained for the fun of the thing. The getters-up of the affair were exceedingly mortified, and, one by one, slunk away. Some exclaimed, as they went out, "The man's a fool." "He is cracked." They were not far from the truth. I doubt if he earned the office he is seeking.

INCIDENTS OF ANTI-SLAVERY LABOR IN OHIO.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

DID you ever acquire or practise the art of equestrianism? I have been acquiring it the past winter, and have already become quite a proficient in the plainer and more practical branches thereof. But the ornamental varieties I have, through the extreme depth of the mud hereabouts, been compelled to omit for the present, hoping, however, if the roads get dry and hard before I leave Ohio, to have opportunity to practise fancy cantering and curvetting sufficiently to enable me to compete successfully for the equestrian prize at some of our New England County cattle shows next fall, or perhaps (if I should fall so low) to ride forth with gay epaulettes and plumes, at the head of some column of New England military, the astonishment and awe of all simple beholders.

In my youthful days, I recollect riding the old family grey to the river for drink, without saddle or bridle, and I also used to ride the same valiant steed to plough among corn; but till I came to Ohio, I presume I never rode ten miles in a saddle in my life. It is not the present method of locomotion in our vicinity. But here, owing to the uncivilized and barbarous condition of the roads, arising in part from the natural depravity of the soil, it seems to be the most convenient, independent, and, at this season, the most common method of travel, and thus I have naturally and almost necessarily fallen into it, coupled with that other independence, *foot tramping*, which I am happy to inform you I acquired long before I arrived at Ohio mud; and I find I have already travelled more than two hundred miles on horseback, and quite as great a distance on foot, in the pursuit of the past winter's campaign.

My first "crossing the horse" here was in this wise. I had arrived just before night, in the rain and mud, on foot, at the house of a friend who had arranged a meeting, to find that the place of meeting was four miles from his house. And as it was too late to walk and too muddy to ride on wheels, the only alternative was the saddle. Our friend mounted one horse, and I another, and we rode on as fast as the state of the roads would allow, splashing through the water and soft mud in the face of a driving rain that drenched us through by the time of our arrival at the log meeting-house, lighted with cups of melted grease, with a rag over the edge for wick, where, after a little warming and drying, I spoke an hour and a half to quite a respectable audience, who had assembled in spite of the weather, and listened attentively to what was said. Appointing a meeting for the next evening, we remounted and rode the four miles back in the dark and rain and mud, glad to reach a fire and bed. Soon after this, having occasion to go ten miles to "prospect," I essayed the saddle, and, as the afternoon was fine, made my way comfortably through the deep mud to the village I aimed at, anticipating no trial or inconvenience whatever. But alas, I found that the man I wanted lived two miles farther, by a crooked road and *bridle path* through the woods; and as I had no alternative, I started again in the thick darkness which had now intervened to look for the gate in the woods, by which I entered the bridle path, among trees, where I had to dismount and lead the horse in order to feel out the invisible path, which at last brought me to the log cabin, to find that the right man lived still two miles farther off by very crooked roads, across noisy creeks and through mill yards, gates and bars, which, however, I had to undertake, and at last arrived at the right place in season to go to bed, after a slice of bread and butter, to rest from my labors, trials and perils.

As after the first of January, B. S. Jones and myself were to travel in directions diverse from railroad and stage routes, we took a beast of burden, to carry our baggage, and ammunition, in the shape of tracts, etc., with ourselves, by turns. This was a small horse, belonging jointly to Benjamin and M. R. Robinson, upon whose back a saddle was strapped, with plethoric saddle bags valise and carpet bag, and blanket over all, upon which one of us mounted and rode on a few miles, while the other kept company on foot. And then we changed, and the one tired of walking took a turn at riding, while the other, tired with riding, took his turn at walking. And thus we travelled quite comfortably, excepting mud and rain, for many weeks, till Benjamin was called home to the editorial chair of *The Bugle*. Occasionally we had a variation when some friend took us forward with a carriage or lent us an additional horse. Having on one occasion to go across from one point to another, a distance of twenty-six miles, a kind friend offered to take us with his carriage, or long covered wagon (with two large, strong horses), in which we stowed our baggage and saddle, with ourselves, fastening our horse beside the others, and set forth in the morning to reach, by crooked, hilly and muddy roads, the point of destination. Our progress was of course slow, and by a misdirection we took a wrong road that was some half a dozen miles longer, and then by its excessive crookedness and lack of guideboards, or of the habitations of man where to inquire, we missed even that road, and went many miles still farther, so that we travelled nearly forty miles in all, only arriving at our journey's end at eleven o'clock in the evening, tired, and hungry, and glad that we had no appointment for that or the next night. The day and ride were both quite long and dreary, although we beguiled the way as best we could with talk, stories and song. And at last, as the wagon was long and close, we took turns at trying to sleep, stretched at length upon the floor, with the saddle for a pillow and horse blanket for a cover, at which we had good success and snoozed quite comfortably, save when the wagon lurched through a slough hole, or the wheels struck some mud-hidden log or stump, we were, by the careening of the vehicle, rudely wakened and rolled loosely round the floor, mixed promiscuously with bags, valises, saddles and other equipments not necessary to mention. We broke our fast from a basket of cold victuals that our hostess had very kindly furnished us, and, as we travelled on, with a half-gnawed bone in one hand and a slice of bread in the other, we certainly made a unique, if not an interesting, appearance. Our horses we indulged in the luxury of oats, bought at a wayside inn.

One evening we rode and walked by turns three miles through the mud to a meeting-house, whose projectors had not counted the cost, and, having commenced, were not able to finish, having only created an outside shell, leaving the inside fully ornamented with black beams, timbers and rafters. In the centre was a dilapidated stove and pipe, which latter was in a great state of uncertainty at which end to emit what little smoke found its way into it, and so let most of it out by the inner end, or else through its yawning cracks. Around this were gathered a sizeable crowd on rude benches made of slabs, in which pegs were stuck for legs. Standing on the outside of this crowd, we discoursed to them as best we could, screening with our garments the only candle from summary extinguishment by the windy gusts that came bursting through the broken glass of every window that was not covered with old boards for safety. Still, the audience listened attentively and seemed moved and benefited by the discourse. And we went our three miles home, hoping that some good was done. On another occasion, we walked and rode four miles through rain and mud, and held a Sunday afternoon meeting, which was well attended, and prolonged by some discussion till near night, when we adjourned for evening. And as we had no invitation to tea, we laid down on the benches of the town-house and composed ourselves for the evening's work, which over, we took our march of four miles back, arriving near midnight, cold, wet and hungry, to say nothing of fatigue.

We had occasion to travel some dozen miles on the coldest day of the season. The weather had changed suddenly, and there was a frozen crust almost hard enough to bear a horse, but alas, just as the weight came on the foot, through it would break, dropping into the depth of mud and slush below, and in many places it would serve the foot passengers the same way. This, with a sharp cutting wind laden with angularly frozen snow, and the thermometer at zero (we have not had such terrible thermometers as you record), made quite hard and uncomfortable travelling for our forces, both horse and foot. But still we travelled on quite valiantly, till, near our journey's end, we reached a swollen creek, without a bridge, that we had been told was fordable. Yet, as the stream was quite wide and rapid, Benjamin, who was on the horse, dared not venture in, but I, with more courage and less discretion (as usual), mounted in his place and rash'ly ventured into the muddy rolling flood. We had not gone far before it rapidly deepened, and long before we could reach the current even, little "Pet" was off her feet and swimming. Fearing that the current would would be more than she could stem successfully with her heavy load, and not caring to be swept away thereby, or to immerse our baggage any deeper or longer in the water, to say nothing of my pedal extremities, which were already dipped to the knees, and, finally, thinking discretion the better part of valor, I turned the horse's head towards the shore, and soon landed at the starting point, glad to escape so easily and safely this perilous water baptism, and glad to take to the ground, and, by dilligently walking around over two precipitous hills, three miles to our destination, to prevent my ice-encased limbs from freezing solid.

But I am making this account of our "perils by land and by sea" too long for your columns, or the patience of your readers, and will therefore save the account of perils "among the heathen" till another time. J. A. H.

THE CAUSE AND ITS PERILS.

MORELAND, Pa., 24th March, 1859.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE work to which the Garrisonian Abolitionists are especially called is that of inexorable and relentless exposure of the complicity of the American Church and the civil government with Southern slaveholders. Of course they find it very disagreeable employment; and as it is quite as disagreeable to the parties exposed as it is to themselves, it is no marvel that they get nothing but kicks and cuffs for their pains. Nevertheless, the exposure is effected; and they being, in the main, a remarkably clear-headed class of people, endowed to a very uncommon degree with the

gained at this session will be a tolerably thorough discussion of the matter. It was introduced into the Legislature at a late period, when other business had just begun to be pressing for consideration. Too little time also was allowed for the people to make themselves heard by petitions, meetings, &c.

Another year the work must be commenced as early as October all over the State, and during the first week of the Legislature. With proper exertions there can be no great difficulty in passing a law of the most stringent character. Indeed, I cannot yet believe that the present Legislature will allow other business to entirely swallow up this great measure of Humanity. The session will close probably within two weeks, so we shall soon know the worst.

The Personal Liberty bill is the special order for Wednesday evening of this week.

More than 16,000 copies of the speeches of Mr. Spencer and Mr. Holmes and of the Address of Mr. Mayo have been circulated in pamphlet. ✱

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

The Peirce Butler Slave Sale—The most noticeable features of the affair—Mr. Butler a ruler in Church and State—Craven sycophancy of Northern Democrats—The sale to be illustrated—A suggestion—Mr. Irish's bill for the protection of Fugitive Slaves—Not such a bill as the emergency requires—Democratic State Convention—The party divided—An easy victory for the Opposition—Conservative character of the "People's party"—Methodist Conference—Case of John D. Long—Contemplated Anti Slavery meeting—Corruption in the Legislature—Republicans implicated—Madame Mario and her Lectures.

PHILADELPHIA, March 28th.

I WAS pleased that in your editorial notice of the Butler Slave Auction you pointed the moral of that sad sale. Peirce Butler is not a sinner above all other slaveholders, and his slaves are not the most abject of their race. Quite the contrary; Mr. Butler, in the last resort to which he was compelled by his pecuniary necessities, showed a deference to Northern public sentiment, and a consideration for the feelings of his victims, not always exhibited by people of his class. His refusal to sunder with his own hands the parental and conjugal ties of his people was at least a partial tribute to the claims of humanity, and his gift of a dollar to each of his chattels implied a consciousness of obligation to them which slaveholders in general are slow to acknowledge.

As for the slaves themselves, their case, pitiable as it was, was not one of *peculiar* hardship. The thing most remarkable in it was, not that they were put on the block and sold as cattle to the highest bidder, but that in their whole history this thing had never occurred before. They had been peculiarly exempt from the evils which are necessarily incident to the system. Perhaps there was not in the entire South a body of slaves, on the whole, so well treated as those belonging to the Butler estate; and it is doubtful whether there are many slaveholders who are as little liable to the charge of wanton cruelty to their bondmen as the late owner of the 400 who were sold at auction.

The diabolism of slavery lies not in any peculiar nature of the men who maintain it, but in the peculiar nature of the system itself. To make one man the absolute owner of another is to compel that man, whether he will or not, to act the part of a demon, and to oblige the other to submit to all that the man's caprice or his necessities may drive him to inflict.

The peculiarities of the Butler Slave Auction—besides those which have been mentioned—are: *First*, that the owner of all this human property is a Philadelphian, a man reared and educated in the City of Brotherly Love. *Second*, that this large owner of human property is a prominent Democrat, an active member of the party, and one who has held prominent political posts. Peirce Butler was a member of the Constitutional Convention that inserted the word "White" in the fundamental law of the State and disfranchised 40,000 of Pennsylvania's unoffending citizens. *Third*, this large owner of human property is as prominently active in religious affairs as he has been in politics. Mr. Butler is a member of the Episcopal Church; is or was a Vestryman in the Epiphany, of which the late Dudley Tyng was Rector, and took a zealous part in extruding that worthy minister from his place and substituting a slaveholder in his stead.

These are the features in this slave sale which most strike the attention of a Philadelphia Abolitionist. The thing to be deplored is, not that 400 slaves have in a particular case been treated as beasts that perish (4,000,000 are subject to the same liabilities and worse every day)—not that the paltry sum of "a dollar" was all that was given by the owner to those who had worked for him without hire all the days of their lives (other slaveholders might not have conceded even this slight acknowledgment of obligation); but the thing to be deplored is that this slaveholding nabob and others of the same ilk are rulers in our Christian synagogues and leaders in our Democratic Conventions; that they make the laws and dictate the policy which govern us in Church and State, here in the free Commonwealth of Pennsylvania! The thing especially revolting in the facts which this sale brings to light is not the supercilious heartlessness of a Southern human-flesh owner, but the craven sycophancy of Northern Democrats who make such a human-flesh owner one of their leaders.

I understand that it is in contemplation by some one or more of our Sunday papers to illustrate some of the scenes described in this Southern Slave Sale by appropriate wood-cuts. I would advise them, while they are about it, by way of completing the picture, to get up a view, such as they could have at any time at a Harrisburg Convention, of a Northern Slave Purchase. Mr. Butler and his pro-slavery associates have bought more Pennsylvania Democrats than they have ever sold Georgia slaves.

The bill introduced into the House of Representatives at Harrisburg, by Mr. E. H. Irish, for the better protection of persons claimed as Fugitive Slaves, is not likely to pass, and, on the whole, I don't think this is to be regretted. It is not what we want, nor what the juncture demands. As an entering wedge and a harbinger of something better to come, it may do very well; but what is needed for the times is a strong bill, drawn up, not in the jargon of statutory enactments, but in the plainest phrase of the Commonwealth's English; a bill defining the rights which belong, of nature, to every human being; a bill which the common people can understand and respond to. Till we can have such a bill, let us have none. A Personal Liberty act, enacted in obscure phrase and passed by a dodge, will not do half so much good as a plain, up-and-down bill, openly and thoroughly debated, though it should have to pass the ordeal of repeated rejections. The acknowledgments, however, of all true friends of freedom in the State are due to Mr. Irish, Dr. Gazzam, Mr. Rutherford, Mr. Williston, Mr. Mann and others in the Senate and House, who have shown a disposition to do their duty in this direction.

The Democratic Convention, held a few weeks since at Harrisburg, proved to be, as was expected, a packed body got up to order, and composed chiefly of office-holders, and other beneficiaries, actual or expectant, of the Administration at Washington. They justified all the acts of Mr. Buchanan and glorified his great name. His crimes they applauded as virtues, and his blunders they claimed as proofs of extraordinary statesmanship. The services of Mr. Bigler came in for a share of their eulogies. The gist of their resolutions was, "Great is President Buchanan, and Senator Bigler is his prophet." Why Attorney-General Black received none of their applause is a matter yet to be explained. The compliment of silence from such a herd was due to Governor Packer, but the course of the Attorney-General has been base enough to entitle him to the praises of the basest. It looks as though these office-holders were devoid of that last vestige of decency, "honor among thieves."

An Opposition Convention has been called by the Forney wing of the party, and is to meet in Harrisburg on the 13th of April. The object of this Convention, as stated in the call, is to "resist Federal dictation," to protest against "consolidated Federal despotism," to reassert the doctrine of "Popular Sovereignty and non-intervention," and especially to proclaim "unfaltering confidence" in the fearless administration of Wm. F. Packer, Governor of Pennsylvania.

So you see the Democratic party in Pennsylvania is a house divided against itself. As a matter of proverb, it cannot stand. The Opposition next fall will have an easy victory. How much it will amount to as against slavery remains to be seen. We have some pretty good anti-slavery men in the Republican party of this State, especially in the Northern and Western Districts, but here in Philadelphia they are in a small minority. Old line Whigs and new line Americans compose the bulk of the "People's party," as the preferred name is here, and "conservative" influences, such as cluster around the offices of the *North American* and the *Mercantile Journal*, are among the powers that control it. A party whose policy is no more anti-slavery than the commercial spirit of Philadelphia would make it is no more anti-slavery than Toombs, Davis and the Devil would have it.

The Philadelphia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church is now in session, and slavery comes in for a share in its discussions. The occasion is a motion of a member, Dr. Cooper, I believe, to withhold from Rev. John Dixon Long the stipend which has been allowed him as a disabled or, as the technical phrase is, a "superannuated" minister. One of the arguments alleged in favor of the motion is, that Mr. Long has published a book defamatory of the Church to which he belongs, and that it behooves him to look to the profits of his book rather than the funds of the Conference for his support. The adversaries of Mr. Long are in the majority in this pro-slavery body, and, of course, have things pretty much their own way; but it is said that he and his friends have made a spirited defence, and that when the record is made up they will appear to no disadvantage.

While I am writing, a plan is on foot to get up a Methodist anti-slavery meeting, to be held immediately after the rising of the Conference, to be addressed by Mr. Long, Mr. McCarter, Mr. Mattison, and others of that denomination distinguished for their zeal in the anti-slavery cause. The precise time and place of the meeting have not yet been fixed upon, but probably will be in season for publication in this week's STANDARD; if not, notice will be found in the *Daily Ledger*.

The session of our Harrisburg Solons is drawing to a close, and nobody, that I know of, is sorry for it. A mere venal body, it is said, has never made laws for the State. This is asserted by people of all parties, and is admitted by people of all parties. And yet the Republicans have a working majority in the House. The thirteen "Opposition" members from this city are usually reckoned with the Republicans, and it is no secret that some of these are included in the current imputations of corruption. How far these imputations are sustained by facts, of course it is hard to tell; but it is a well-known fact that out of these thirteen, the friends of Mr. Irish's moderate Liberty bill cannot count on a single vote! This is a shame and a disgrace to Philadelphia.

Madame Mario's lecture at Concert Hall, on Friday evening, was well attended, and confirmed the best impressions made by her first effort. The editors who were present have spoken of her in terms of strong satisfaction; the *Evening Journal* was so much pleased that its conductor makes her the subject of a glowing leader. He speaks of her as an accomplished English lady, and a fine "specimen of the old, pure Anglo-Saxon type of beauty." "Her family," he says, "we know are among the most wealthy ship-builders in England. Young and enthusiastic, she cast her all into the cause of Italian independence. She has already felt the fetters on her limbs. Her husband and herself have just escaped out of Italian prisons, and they are accredited missionaries to these United States to excite our interest and, if possible, procure our material aid. By request of the whole meeting, backed in private by some of the editors of the daily journals, she has promised to deliver another lecture on Wednesday next."

In the biographical allusion here there is a slight mistake. The Whites of the Isle of Wight, to which family Madame Mario belongs, are among the most distinguished, but they are not the "wealthiest" ship-builders of England. Thomas White, now of Portsmouth, Madame Mario's father, has executed orders in the line of his profession for the four quarters of the world, Europe, Asia, Africa and America; and her uncle, Mr. Joseph White, has been complimented with the gift of a snuff-box, from the Emperor of Russia, set with diamonds valued at $25,000. Mr. White had built a pleasure yacht for the Emperor, and this present was meant as a tribute to his skill.

Madame Mario leaves this city to-morrow for Boston, where she will probably deliver one or more lectures before retiring to the country, as I believe is her intention, for the summer. M.

PERSONAL.

Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, of New York, is delivering a course of lectures in London, on the value of Hygienic and Medical Knowledge to Women.

Grace Greenwood recently delivered her lecture upon Joan of Arc at Salem, Ohio. The *Bugle* speaks of it in very commendatory terms.

Mr. R. W. Emerson is delivering a course of six lectures upon "The Law of Success," "Originality," "Morals," "Clubs," "Criticism" and "Manners," in Boston.

Miss Helen Dresser, 16 years old, is lecturing in the Southern cities on Mormonism. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dresser, whose escape from Salt Lake City some two years since made a stir at the time.

Sarah Hunt, a Quaker preacher, lately sent a communication to the Legislature of New Jersey, stating that she felt a "concern" to pay them a religious visit. The "assembled wisdom" of the State promptly appointed a time to hear her testimony.

Parker Pillsbury has been invited by a large number of his neighbors and friends in Concord, N. H., to deliver in that place his lecture on the French Revolution, which has edified and delighted the friends of progress wherever it has been heard.

The Hon. Daniel Cady, of Johnstown, N. Y., a very eminent lawyer, 86 years of age, has suddenly become blind. He is the father of Elizabeth C. Stanton, of Seneca Falls. It is to be hoped that his sight, under proper treatment, may be restored.

The Boston *Atlas* learns that Edward Everett is about to add to his famous lecture on Washington a passage setting forth his views of the noblest act of the Father of his Country, viz., the emancipation of his slaves—a matter which he has thus far ignored. Well, "better late than never."

Judge Edmonds, at the request of the editors of *The Tribune*, has commenced a series of articles in that paper in defence of Spiritualism. The advocates of the spiritualistic faith may well congratulate themselves upon the ability of their champion, and upon the fact that he has been invited to address the readers of one of the most numerously circulated journals in the world.

Bayard Taylor, it will be seen by an advertisement in another column, has entered into an engagement with the proprietors of *The New York Mercury* to devote his pen hereafter to the literary service of that paper, in which he will shortly commence a series of sketches on the Poetry and Romance of Foreign Travel. This announcement will no doubt serve to augment the number of that journal's readers.

A report having gone abroad that Mr. Ten Eyck, the newly elected U. S. Senator from New Jersey, was the owner of 200 slaves, bequeathed to Mrs. Ten Eyck by her father, the Newark *Mercury* denies the statement, and says he *might* have been the owner of a number of slaves from the estate referred to if he had been willing to become a slaveholder, yet that, not withstanding the value of the "property" devised, he absolutely refused to receive the legacy.

Wendell Phillips lately delivered an address before the Legislative Temperance Society of Massachusetts, in which he said that one of the reasons why the liquor law was not executed in Boston was that the city government, when they wanted refreshments, patronized the foremost sinner of the Commonwealth, and that they ran up a bill of $15,000 and were ashamed to have the items published. He was very severe upon Holmes for defending drinking habits in his "Autocrat," and upon the Emersons, Lowells and others who celebrated the Burns festival at the Parker House.

George Wm. Curtis occupied Theodore Parker's pulpit, at the Music Hall, Boston, last Sunday week, delivering his discourse on "Democracy and Education" to a very large audience. He commenced, says the *Atlas*, by referring to the day, which was being observed by the Christian world as one of worship; a day, he continued, on which we call ourselves "miserable sinners," and prove it so by our conduct on the six succeeding days—a remark that excited the risibilities of his hearers somewhat.

THE STANDARD COMMENDED. — A Republican, whose name, if we were at liberty to publish it, would add weight to his opinions, writes to us as follows:

"Of course I don't agree with THE STANDARD in all things, any more than I do with *The Tribune*, *Independent* or *Era*. But I sincerely believe *it is the best* ANTI-SLAVERY *paper in the country*, and I think anti-slavery Republicans should take it, overlooking what they disagree with, just as they do in the case of *The Tribune*, *Era*, &c. One difficulty—it is not well enough known."

We have reason to believe that the opinion above expressed is shared by many others, who, we are sure, will pardon us, if we venture to remind them that they may, by helping to make the paper better known (especially now, when we are about to commence a series of European Letters from Mrs. Martineau), render an important service to the cause.

Our Washington Correspondence.

The Churches of Washington—and their Pastors—Dr. Gurley, the Colonizationist—Dr. Butler, the Episcopalian—Sunderland, the Presbyterian—The Unitarian Church—Mr. Bassett and his Church—The Colored Churches.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 22, 1859.

I HAVE long been waiting for an opportunity to say something about the Churches and clergymen of Washington, but I have been forced to occupy my space with more important political matters. Now that Congress is away and we have a respite in that quarter, I will venture to speak a few words of the clerical gentlemen in Washington who call themselves the ambassadors of Christ. The great mass of people and ministers are alike in respect of slavery: they either own slaves or justify slaveholding. Five-sixths of the clergymen of Washington defend slavery, and I shall not say a word about them. They are, like the ministerial race throughout the South, in league with robbers; and for all their pious cant (which so often deceives Northern church-members who make pretensions to hatred of slavery), they will have their reward, like other transgressors.

But there are a very few Washington clergymen who profess to dislike the institution of slavery. The Rev. Mr. Gurley, the Colonizationist, is one of them. He never says anything against slavery in the pulpit, but he privately expresses his *dislike* of the institution! The Rev. Dr. Butler, pastor of Trinity Church, Episcopal, is another of these servants of Jesus Christ who *in private* express their dislike of the buying and selling of men, women and babies, but who dare not say so in public. His Church is one of the most fashionable in the city, and its main supporters are slaveholders. Dr. Butler has organized a *Colored Sunday School* in connection with his Church, which is more than any other white Church in Washington has done for the colored people. Let the Doctor have credit for this.

The most popular Presbyterian Church and clergyman in Washington are the Four-and-a-half Street Church and its pastor, Rev. Dr. Sunderland. A great many Republicans attend this church, and are gulled by the Doctor's *private* condemnation of slavery. For Dr. Sunderland, perhaps the most popular Presbyterian clergyman in Washington, condemns slavery in his private conversation with anti-slavery people, and is understood, generally, to be an anti-slavery man. But he never utters one word against slavery in public, and his Church is full of slaveholders. I could relate cases of cruelty on the part of members of his Church towards their slaves which would make your blood run cold, and these same facts came to the ear of Dr. Sunderland, but he kept silence. He knows the tenure of his office. He purchases his place by *silence in the pulpit* on the great sin of the day. And because he is *privately* anti-slavery, and his Church is popular, a large class of Republicans go to hear him regularly, when Congress is in session. In abilities he is not really ditinguished, but he makes up in "sound and fury" for the want of high intellectual faculties. The barbarous negro-pew and the cowardly conduct of its pastor have kept your correspondent outside the walls of Four-and-a-half Street Church, to say nothing of the slaveholding enormities which have been wipked at and covered up by pastor and flock. But more than one Northern representative, not merely a Republican, but professedly, at home, an ultra hater of slavery, has attended this comparatively popular Church, passing by the one which is unpopular, but outspokenly anti-slavery.

The Unitarian Congregational Church in Washington cannot be said to be anti-slavery. It would not tolerate that bold-hearted preacher, Conway, but persecuted him in such a manner that he shook off the dust from his feet as a testimony against it. Many fine men and women are connected with the Church, and some of them are haters of slavery, but the majority are time-servers. The pastor, Mr. Haley, is an anti-slavery man, and occasionally preaches an anti-slavery sermon, but it is always in timid language. He is evidently *afraid* of the pro-slavery influences of Washington, and dare not utter all his convictions upon the great sin of the land. One of the supporters of the Church is Cornelius Wendell, Government Printer, one of the most corrupt politicians of our time, and his influence would corrupt any Church.

I know little or nothing of the Swedenborgian Church and clergyman in Washington, but my impressions are that they are both anti-slavery.

We now come to the only thorough-going anti-slavery Church in Washington—the Orthodox Congregational Church, whose pastor is the Rev. George W. Bassett. His Church in reality has no organization: it consists of those earnest and radical opponents of slavery who like to hear radical anti-slavery preaching. Years since, the Orthodox Congregationalists of New England tried to establish in Washington a Congregational Church. The attempt was a complete failure, and for the reason that there was more *Churchianity* than Christianity in the enterprise. It was sectarianism and not religion which the Congregationalists were promoting. But *a building* was secured, which was mortgaged to Mr. H. A. Chittenden, of New York, for a large amount. The church was unoccupied for years, when, nearly two years ago, Mr. Bassett came here, at his own expense, to occupy it for the purpose of Sunday preaching. He met with little encouragement at first; and before the first year was closed, the Society of the Church—its business organization—consisting of half a dozen men, became dissatisfied with the unflinching anti-slavery principles of Mr. Bassett and tried to shake him off. But *the audience* liked their preacher and wished him to stay. Last fall Mr. Bassett opened the church afresh (he was gone a few weeks in the summer), and the timid men who had heretofore been associated with the enterprise left it, expecting to starve out the faithful anti-slavery preacher. They were disappointed, for, during the past winter, his audiences have been larger than ever, including, upon every occasion, some of the ablest members of Congress. The contributions to Mr. Bassett have been liberal, according to the numbers present, and he has been greatly encouraged. The mortgages of the church-building, upon visiting Washington this winter, desired Mr. Bassett to continue his use of it, and promised to wait for a long term of years for his pay, should the friends of the enterprise wish to secure it. But the old trustees of the church claim that the building is theirs, though they acknowledge a mortgage to the amount of $8,000, and they will not, I presume, allow Mr. Bassett to again use it unless he applies to them for it. There seems to be a law question between them and Mr. Chittenden as to which party holds the title to the building. One thing is clear enough, which is that Mr. Bassett and his friends are the only association of radical anti-slavery men in Washington, who meet for public worship. The trustees, with one or two exceptions, are upon the fence on the question of slavery. They are very good Congregationalists, I dare say, but poor anti-slavery Christians. Mr. Bassett left Washington a short time since, but expects to return late in the summer. In his anti-slavery principles he resembles his friend Dr. Cheever more closely than perhaps any other clergyman to whom I could compare him. He is earnest and impetuous, but a logical preacher. His radicalism is of that sort which offends most Republican politicians, and which would starve in most of the pulpits of the free States to-day, notwithstanding the advance which the anti-slavery cause has made, even in the Church.

He has little confidence in parties, but a great deal in the people, when this question is fairly presented to them. That he is the faithful and eloquent defender of the poor slaves of this city, and country, all know who know anything of him. He has no ecclesiastical connection with any body of American Churches, for he considers them all, with individual exceptions, in league with the monster sin of American slavery.

Shall Mr. Bassett be sustained in Washington? The friends of slavery, and the friends of present Church organizations, are united against him and his enterprise. Will the radical anti-slavery Christians of the free States stand by him? There are but few here who can do anything. The politicians dare not help such a man—they are all too cowardly for that. A few members of Congress always hear him when he preaches and have helped to support him here. But next autumn and winter I trust that there will be men and women in the free States who will aid him in his missionary enterprise in this heathenish city.

I have said nothing in this letter about the colored Churches in Washington. They are one of our institions, and, had I time and space, would make a good subject for a separate letter; but as they have no sins to answer for that I know of in reference to slavery, I will omit to notice them at this time. A friend of mine, happening into one of these churches one Sunday evening last winter, found that the regular preacher was absent, and one of the lay members was reading an anti-slavery speech of Mr. Lovejoy to the audience. As some of the hearers *were slaves*, this was a bold proceeding and one which could not be enacted in any but a colored *church* in Washington, nor there a second time if it had attracted the notice of the slaveholding authorities. D. S. T.

WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

To the Editor of The National Anti Slavery Standard.

IT will doubtless astonish many of your readers who are conversant with the names of the men who conduct business for the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions to understand that Rev. Dr. Pomeroy has been in England talking in the capacity of an uncom promising anti-slavery man. Hear the following letter, which was addressed to a worthy clergyman in this city:

WAKEFIELD, Yorkshire, Eng., Jan. 31, 1859.

REV. AND DEAR SIR: A "Rev. Dr. Pomeroy," Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, has recently visited Leeds, in which town he has secured a hearty welcome by representing himself and the Board to be *anti-slavery*. Now, I have always understood that this Association was pro-slavery, and therefore, when the visit of the Dr. was announced, I wrote to the editors of the *Leeds Mercury*, stating this, and enclosing Mrs. Stowe's animadversions on the Board. In reply, I am told by Mr. Baines, proprietor of that paper, that Mrs. Stowe's article related to the *past* and *not* to the *present* history of the Board. And Mr. Baines further expressed his belief that Dr. Pomeroy was an anti-slavery man, and on these grounds declined to insert my letter. I am sorry to trouble you about the matter, but feel it my duty to ask you whether or not Dr. Pomeroy ever publicly or privately identified himself with the anti-slavery movement *whilst in America?*

Englishmen have to deplore the fact that they have, times without number, been entrapped into giving hearty welcome to clerical wolves in sheep's clothing, who have been anti-slavery during their stay in England, and no longer. I shall therefore feel very greatly obliged if you will give me this information.

The friends on this side of the Atlantic are hopeful when they remember that God has inspired men like yourself to be "first and foremost" in this preëminently "good work."

Believe me to be, with profound respect,

Your obedient servant, JOSEPH A. HORNER.

It is discreditable to Mr. Baines, whose name is so well known in England as an advocate of Civil and Religious Liberty, to be found thus compromising with oppression in one of its basest forms—compounded with hypocrisy. W. H.

THE OBERLIN RESCUE TRIALS.—The trials of the thirty-seven citizens of Lorain County, for rescuing and aiding in the rescue of the slave John Price, are to commence on the 5th inst. The Oberlin *Evangelist* says:

"The jury which is to try the first case is already struck, and is geographically, and, so far as we can learn, politically, a singularity. Gathered from the northern half of Ohio, it exhibits, out of the sixteen names on the panel, only one from the Reserve. Taken from a district which numbers tens of thousands of anti-slavery men, and which is, by an overwhelming majority, Republican in politics, it has, so far as we have ascertained, neither an Abolitionist nor a Republican on the list. We will not say that justice is to be mocked on the trial. We will say, however, that the present appearance is that such will be the fact."

We understand that the accused desire nothing so much as to be convicted, for they feel sure of being released on *habeas corpus* by the Supreme Court of Ohio, and that Gov. Chase will back the decision of that tribunal, if necessary, by the whole military power of the State. The Oberlin *Evangelist*, referring to these trials and to the indictment of the slave-catchers under a law of the State as kidnappers, significantly says:

"We think it is probable that, before these penal and State prosecutions are ended, it will be definitely ascertained whether Ohio is a free State or not."

We await the result with an interest commensurate to the magnitude of the issue.

PHILADELPHIA FEMALE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—Of all the local auxiliaries of the American Anti-Slavery Society no one has been more steadfast or efficient than this, whose excellent Report, presented at its twenty-fifth anniversary, will be found on the first page. We advise every friend of the cause to read that Report. It will be found to be, not a cold and formal paper, prepared to answer a constitutional requisition, but an earnest appeal to the heart and conscience in behalf of the slave's cause—an appeal characterized alike by soundness of argument, clearness of moral perception, and an enlightened sympathy for all who are in bonds. It is from the pen of MARY GREW, one of the original founders of the Society, whose devotion to the cause has endeared her to its friends, not only in this country but in Great Britain.

LIKENESS OF THE LATE JUDGE JAY.—Our acknowledgments are due to JOHN JAY, Esq., for a large and beautiful photographic likeness of his revered and lamented father, the Hon. WILLIAM JAY, taken by O. Ebbinghaus, 445 Broadway, from the oil portrait in the Court House at White Plains. The likeness is very striking, and, as a specimen of photographic art, the picture is in all respects creditable to the skill of Mr. Ebbinghaus. The likeness of so noble a champion of freedom, suspended over the editorial table, will be a constant incitement to zeal and fidelity in the slave's cause. We thank Mr. Jay, on behalf of the American Anti-Slavery Society, for a present so appropriate and valuable.

GOOD WORK IN CANADA.—John J. E. Linton, of Stratford, Canada West, on seeing in THE STANDARD the report of the Butler Slave Sale, immediately caused to be published at his own expense, in the newspapers of that and other towns in Canada, the following advertisement:

The attention of those in Canada, who acknowledge *British Freedom*, is directed to the full particulars of this great sale on the 2d and 3d March, at Savannah (Georgia), as detailed in the New York *Tribune* of March 9, and in the New York ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD of 19th March (and partly extracted in the Toronto *Leader*). The report will be published by the American Anti-Slavery Society of New York, in a few days. Those Churches and religious Societies in Canada, which *fellowship* with pro-slavery and slavery bodies in the United States should direct their attention to the above report. Let not the heaven-expecting Canadian be kept back, from a perusal of the above, or from putting the question—"Does my Church *fellowship* with slavery, and, if so, in what way?" We can *name* these Churches and Societies; of all which, by and by. JOHN J. E. LINTON.

Stratford, C. W., 22d March, 1859.

We have sent Mr. Linton, at his request, a few copies of the tract, which we hope will reach him promptly.

WORCESTER'S NEW QUARTO DICTIONARY.

WE take pleasure in presenting as our own the opinions of this work expressed by two contemporary journals of high literary reputation.

From The Evening Post.

We have seen the sheets of a considerable part of the New Quarto Dictionary of Dr. Worcester, which is now in the press and will be published by Hickling, Swan & Brown, of Boston. The plan of the work is such as will, if faithfully executed, make it the most valuable thesaurus of English terms ever published, and certainly we have no reason to be dissatisfied with the execution of that part of the work which we have examined. Dr. Worcester has been a laborer in the field of Lexicography—we were about to say longer than any other living man—certainly longer than any other men now alive with whose personal history we are acquainted, and to the erudition gathered in this long course of study he adds the advantage of a solid and temperate judgment. The New Quarto Dictionary of Dr. Worcester contains not only the words which form the ordinary staple of the language, but the technical terms and terms of science which are in frequent use. For the signification of these he has resorted to the aid of eminent professors of the arts and scientific men. A great deal of pains has been taken with the etymological part of the work, which seems to us very perfect of its kind. For the use of every term an authority is given, and frequently a passage from the author who uses it. A peculiarity in this work is the introduction of small wood engravings, illustrating the terms signifying visible objects of art or nature, which are not so common as to make this mode of explanation unnecessary.

An agent has been sent to this city by the publishers—a graduate of Cambridge—who brings the most favorable attestations from the best sources in Boston, and who is well qualified to point out the peculiar merits of the work.

From The Christian Inquirer.

We are glad to learn, after long but unavoidable delay, that this great work will be ready in the coming June. We have before given a full analysis of the peculiarities of Dr. Worcester's Octavo Dictionaries. We will now only say, that the promised *Quarto* will prove, as we believe, *the* Dictionary of our language; with the most comprehensive vocabulary, containing ten thousand more words than Websters; scientific and technical terms; words from the old classic authors which had disappeared from some dictionaries; and words brought into use in our modern literature, by the leading reviews and prominent essayists, &c., at home and abroad. A novel feature is its pictorial illustrations, especially valuable in relation to architectural terms, &c. Another, which Dr. Worcester has made always conspicuous in his lexicographical and philological researches, is its full catalogue of synonyms. In the Etymology he is specially nice; not only showing the *root*, but if from a foreign or dead language, presenting *its* correct accentuation, as in cases from the Greek. So, in giving the origin of technical terms, as he does, he cites the highest scientific authority. If a word be purely technical or scientific, or even have such a use in any branch of science or art, it is so specially described, with the parenthetical sign calling attention to each particular application. However, we barely design now to give notice that the work is forthcoming; and to open the way among our friends for the intelligent and gentlemanly agent who is canvassing for subscribers in the city and vicinity.

THE HERESY HUNT AT CORTLAND.—The ecclesiastical trial of Stephen Brewer before the Presbyterian Session at Cortland, for "Covenant-breaking"—that is, hearing Wendell Phillips and others, in our Free Church—came off last week, but the jury didn't agree, and adjourned for a week. The Moderator of the "Session" claimed that it was a "Judicatory of Jesus Christ"! and its "Confession of Faith" says it carries "the keys of the kingdom of heaven," having power to open and shut its gates when it will! Not quite so consistent this Judicatory at Cortland as that at Rome, the latter being more of a "unit." Is Christ divided? O, what a *sham*—this pretence of being a "Judicatory of Jesus Christ"! I will endeavor to let you know more of the matter after the decision—if these *servants of Jesus Christ* ever agree. W. H. F.

KIDNAPPERS INDICTED.—The Grand Jury of Lorain County (O.) has unanimously found bills of indictment against Anderson Jennings and R. P. Mitchell, of Kentucky, and Jacob Lowe and Samuel Davis, of Columbus, for attempting to kidnap the fugitive John Rice. Lowe was the Deputy U. S. Marshal, Davis his assistant. Jennings and Mitchell are the Kentucky slave-hunters, who employed the lad Boynton, son of U. S. Grand Juror Boynton, to inveigle the colored young man, John Rice, into their clutches, and for whose rescue at Wellington thirty-seven citizens of Lorain County have been indicted in the U. S. District Court.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—No. 774 concludes the fourth volume of the Third Series (from the beginning Vol. LX). It contains an engraved likeness of Charles Lamb, and a sketch of his life and character. A paper on the "Life and Writings of Johnson," from the London *Quarterly*, worthily fills 33 of its pages. New York: Delisser & Procter, 508 Broadway.

THE *Ravenna* (O.) *Democrat* says that hundreds of the friends of Joshua R. Giddings design to bring him forward for Congress again in 1860, if at that time he shall be alive and in health. It says the people of the District see their great mistake in not electing him last fall, and they are anxious and determined to retrieve their error.

GOOD.—The Wisconsin Assembly capitally executed, by a satisfactory majority, the bill adopted by the Senate for the restoration of capital punishment. The Milwaukee *Free Democrat* thinks the work of deliberately suspending men by the neck will never be resumed in that State.

Summary.

The *Boston Atlas* lauds the State of Georgia and the City of Savannah for its possession of one individual (Chas. A. L. Lamar) "who combines in himself the characters of pimp, pirate and pugilist."

The Governor of Missouri, who was recently whipped in a rough and tumble fight, is said to have wound up a grand spree the other day by riding his horse into his own parlor, and trying his fore feet on the keys of the piano.

The Norfolk, Va., *Argus* puts in mourning a part of its sheet containing an extract from the *Herald* of the same city, in which it is asserted that "Virginia will one day be a free State, and the sooner the better."

Agnes Wright, who, the *Cincinnati Enquirer* says, is a young and beautiful woman, and whom no one would suspect of having a tinge of African blood in her veins, was manumitted in the Probate Court at Cincinnati on Monday by her owner, Ruben Wright of New Orleans.

Mungo Park, the African traveller, has had a monument erected to his memory at Selkirk. His birth-place—a country cottage now fast falling to decay—is but a few miles from this town. It lies almost under the shadow of Newark Castle, the same in which the "Last Minstrel" sang his "Lay."

A New York correspondent of the *Taunton* (Mass.) *Gazette* says that Miss Heron, when on a visit to Lenox, two or three years since, attended divine service, one Sunday, where Mr. Beecher officiated. Some one asked the tragedian how she liked the famous preacher? "I *did* hope," she replied, "when I left New York, to have left the stage behind me."

Twelve Andover students were recently licensed to preach by the Salem Association, but with a *caveat* attached to their licenses touching certain dangerous heresies which they held in regard to the character of Adam before the Fall. They refused to accept the permission to preach with such caution attached, and the Essex Association then gave them a clean theological bill of health.

Gen. Twiggs publishes a proclamation in the Texas papers, warning citizens against engaging in lawless expeditions to Mexico, to capture runaway negroes, sell them and divide the profits. He has ordered the officers under him to co-operate with the Mexican authorities to defeat such attempts.

A large audience collected to hear Col. Thomas L. Kane lecture on Utah in New York, Monday evening, and were disappointed to hear only a eulogy on the weak and whiskey-drinking Gov. Cummig, and not a word about the secret history of the Utah peace, of which Col. Kane knows so much.

One of Mr. Buchanan's post masters in Tennessee writes to the Auditor's office as follows:

"Juno Tenness Henders County

"Auditors Offis send me one quor of wabills

" yours & so forth B Beal P M."

To which he adds a postscript:

"Juno Tennessee Hendersoa County March 16

"All so some Count curents. B. Beal P M."

The *New Orleans True Delta* protests against cruel, arbitrary or unjust legislation against free negroes in Louisiana, of whom there is "a large native resident population, correct in their general deportment, honorable in their intercourse with society and free from reproach, so far as the laws are concerned; not surpassed in the inoffensiveness of their lives by any equal number of persons in any place, North or South."

A Milwaukee paper of the 20th ult. says that Sherman M. Booth, of the *Free Democrat*, was arrested there that day on the suit of Miss Caroline M. Cook, a young lady who had been an inmate of his family, and who charged him with her seduction. Mr. Booth gave bail in $1,000 to appear and answer, Mr. C. C. Olin being his bondman. Miss Cook is under 17 years of age, and charges Mr. Booth with having accomplished her ruin only two or three weeks since.

The Haytien journals contain a curious recital of the sitting of the Senate at Hayti, in which Gen. Geffrard took the oaths as President. The gold crown of the Ex-Emperor was placed upon the table, and the new President, taking a little hammer in his hand, said he would not break the bauble—that would be an act of vandalism—but he would give it three "symbolical" strokes, after which it should be placed in the public treasury, "where it would be appreciated at its proper value." This was accordingly done, and the President retired amidst the acclamations of the Assembly.

James Knapp, of the Baptist Church in Ohio, has declined a public religous discussion with the Rev. W. S. Burton, Universalist of Dayton. In the Elder's letter of declination is this delicate *morceau:* "I have never known a Universalist Minister (and I have known many of them) who would acknowledge or own up when he was used up, but, like a goose when thoroughly picked, not a pin-feather left, and thrown over the fence, would jump up and run after you hissing."

Mr. Grattan, in his work on America, states the following as a conversation that occured between John C. Calhoun and himself:

"'Now, let me ask,' said I, 'what were the feelings of the last slave you liberated?' 'I liberate a slave!' he exclaimed, 'God forbid that I should be *guilty of such a crime*. Ah, you know little of my character if you believe me capable of doing so much wrong to a fellow creature!'"

GODSEND TO THE FLORIDA SEMINOLES.—A correspondent of the *Tallahassee* (Fla.) *Floridian*, writing from Miami, says:

"There has lately been a wreck near Jupiter of a ship fitted out as a slaver in New Orleans for the coast of Africa, at which the Indians were the principal wreckers, and they have received a benefit such as they never before had. They now have an abundance of ammunition, provisions, liquors, &c. They appear to be peaceably disposed, bring in plenty of game, are cheerful, and apparently friendly, but say they will never emigrate."

WILD AFRICANS.—We noticed in our last issue the arrest and detention of a lot of Africans by the citizens of Jacksonville; they, having been released under a charge of Mr. Aiken, made their appearance in our streets yesterday, on their way West. There are thirty-four, all young, and as fine looking a lot of negroes as we ever saw of the same number, and are learning our language with much facility. We learn from Mr. Aiken that they have a perfect horror at the idea of being taken back to Africa.—*Palatki Times*, 17th.

SALE OF NEGROES.—At an administrator's sale in Galveston the following negroes were sold at the annexed cash prices: Rollo, 45 years old, appraised at $1,000, sold at $900; Albert, 16 years old, appraised at $1,200, sold for $1,525; Kit, a girl 18 years old, appraised at $1,500, sold for $1,550. Oneka, 45 years old, wife, Hulda, 30 years old, Theodore, 9 years old, Clara, 5 years old, Frank, 2 years old, all appraised at $4 000, and sold for $4,000. Not belonging to said estate, a girl 9 years old sold for $800; woman 40 years old sold for $1 005.

THE ADIRONDACK CL

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

THE WIND AMONG THE POPLARS.

"Close thy book, and come, my Bertha,
Come into the wood with me,
Where the wind among the poplars
Wildly roareth, like the sea.
Lov'st thou not the strange, wild music
Of this March-wind, bold and free?
Ah, in it my soul exulteth!
Hath it not a charm for thee?"

"No," she answered, slowly raising
From the book her sad, dark eyes—
"Clare, thou knowest not the sorrow
That within my bosom lies.
Ah, the wind among the poplars
Hath a mournful sound to me,
For it moaneth to me ever
Of a loved one, lost at sea.

"Years have passed since last we parted
'Neath the poplars in the wood;
'Twas like this, a wild March morning—
Heedless of the storm we stood.
And he said, 'I go, beloved one;
Fame and fortune shall be mine;
Soon will I return and claim thee,
Claim this gentle hand of thine.'

"Then he clasped my hand and kissed it!
Ah, it feels that pressure yet!
And this heart—his own forever—
Never can its love forget.
Weary were the days that followed;
He was sailing o'er the sea;
And the wind among the poplars
Sang a dreary song to me.

"Then he wrote me he had landed
Safe upon a foreign shore;
And I said, 'Faint heart, take courage,
Thou must grieve and sigh no more.'
Thrice the March-wind's trump had sounded;
When once more I stood alone,
Where the wind among the poplars
Made its wild and mournful moan—

"Like a wail of human anguish,
Raving, shrieking in my ear;
And I shuddered, as I listened,
With an agonizing fear—
For I knew that he was coming
O'er the dark and stormy sea,
And that wild wind sadly sounded
Like a requiem to me.

"Ah, my heart, too, too prophetic!
'Twas in truth a funeral knell;
In the storm, my Clare, he perished,
He whom I had loved so well.
So the wind among the poplars
Hath a mournful sound to me,
For it moaneth to me ever
Of that loved one, lost at sea."

Philadelphia, March, 1859. C. L. F.

TRAVELLING IN NATAL.

Those who leave England for the first time in days of express railway trains may chance to find colonial travelling to be a marvellously strange piece of business. Putting out of the question the saddle, which is, after all, the main resource for personal locomotion in every young colony, the Englishman who lands in Natal, for instance, soon makes the discovery that by a short three months' Atlantic voyage, he has sailed back in time, even beyond the period when the *fast light coach* ran from London to Oxford in a couple of days. Such a fast light coach in this colony would be hailed as a marvel of high civilization. The distance between D'Urban, the port of Natal, and Maritzburg, its capital city, is fifty-four miles, and these fifty-four miles can with difficulty be traversed by the only carriage at the command of the wayfarer in *three* days. Such carriage consists of a long, narrow, canvas-tented wagon on four wheels, dragged by a span of a dozen or fourteen big-horned African oxen. A strong drag-chain is passed forward from the wagon, between each pair of the sturdy quadrupeds, which are ranged in double file; and transverse bars of wood cross the drag-chain, with descending prongs at either end, to fork each over the neck of its own particular beast. The prongs, when adjusted astride of the oxen's necks, are fastened beneath by thongs of stout hide: the drag-chain, prongs, and thongs, constitute the entire harness of the equipage. When the oxen are to be attached to the vehicle, they are driven into a line, and caught in pairs, by means of sliding loops of rhinoceros thong, cast over the horns, and drawn tight. When the team is outspanned, the thongs are cast loose, the forked yokes jerked up, and the fourteen emancipated quadrupeds march off into the free expanse of the continent of Africa, which lies spread out before them, to be beaten up from their selected feeding ground when they are wanted on the morrow. Sometimes it proves that one beast, more adventurous than its fellows, has rambled to the north, or to the south, or to the east, or to the west, and it then has to be sought at the expense of many hours' exploration of hillsides and ravines, before the journey can be resumed. Generally, however, the mere instinctive sense that South Africa is the land of the lion and the leopard keeps the team in compact order, although those fanciers of ox flesh are now very rarely seen in settled British territory. The treck-oxen are only tethered together by their horns for the night, when some special need for punctual progress is pressing upon the driver. The South African traveller who has ordered that his wagon shall be in advancing trim at the hour of six in the morning may think himself fortuna e on the whole if he finds himself really in movement a couple of hours before noon; a change, however, which does not prove to be of much practical importance, since not more than five or six hours out of the twenty-four are devoted to the actual treck.

The African wagon is an elaborate production of developed skill, notwithstanding the rudeness of its appearance. A well-constructed vehicle costs not less than a hundred pounds, although it is without any of the refinements of ornament, and rests honestly and solidly [illegible] without the interposition of springs. The great art in the construction of these carriages consists in rendering them yielding as well as strong. The wagon wriggles like a snake as it runs down a rough slope. The several parts of the sub-structure are connected together by a complex system of pivots, which are at once loose and powerful. The destination of the vehicle is chiefly a wild country, where the name of Macadam is never sounded, and where the paving has been effected by nature herself, without any aid from the ram or hammer.

The driver of the wagon sometimes walks by the side of his team, and sometimes sits upon a kind of driving-box in front, keeping up a constant intercourse with his beasts; now by means of his voice, and now by means of a long tapering thong, mounted upon the end of a lofty bamboo stem. He has no other control over his oxen than such as these two influences furnish. The driving is consequently of a somewhat less precise kind than that which is seen upon London Bridge, or in Cornhill, during the busy hours of the day. The ordinary rate of travelling is about three miles an hour; and while this is maintained, the wagon moves over boulders and through ruts sedately and steadily enough. But every now and then, a fit of go-ahead furor seizes the driver; the long whip is clutched from its resting-place by the side of the wagon; its streaming thong is given to the winds, and amidst resounding cracks, and scarcely less startling articulate objurgations, made up of about an equal moiety of native Caffre and Dutch—a composite language which African oxen seem to understand perfectly—the beasts take to a heavy and inexorable trot, and, perhaps for a third of a mile, carry the wagon pell-mell over stones, rocks, and whatever inequalities chance to lie in the route. In the writer's first practical experience of South African wagon-travelling, he was compelled, by illness, to take refuge in the vehicle some fourteen miles from D'Urban, having started on horseback before it, to ride up to Maritzburg. He had been informed that the high road between the port and the capital was so good that "a carriage-and-four might be driven with ease the whole way along it." Relying upon this assurance, one wagon had been packed principally with scientific instruments of considerable value, and not to be replaced, in case of accident, without a delay of half a year. This frail and costly freight had been given in charge to a steady driver, with instructions to carry it up to Maritzburg at his leisure. The invalided owner of the instruments was picked up on the second day of the journey within the treasure-laden vehicle, and put away under the wagon-tent, on the top of the telescopes, barometers, and other equally frangible apparatus, to be himself personally a witness of the treatment they received.

It will be imagined what the reflections of the disabled passenger, thus accommodated, were, on the occasion of the first spurt of friskiness which the oxen took upon the fine "carriage-and-four" Maritzburg road. In the second minute of the run, the broad wheels on one side went over a boulder of trap the size of a man's head, and the ton and a half of freight came down with a crash that seemed to the apprehensive ear to contain in itself the tones of a couple of million of fragments. The invalid reclining above, turned over on his back, and closed his eyes. Dr. Livingstone talks of the pleasant stillness that creeps over the spirit when a lion gives you a friendly shake by the nape of the neck. A philosopher sitting upon the instrumental preparations that, with the expenditure of much care and forethought, he has made for an extended campaign of investigation is, in a South African wagon, upon a South African road, very much in the same predicament. With the first paroxysm of vibration, the granite enters into his soul; all further consideration of consequences or care for results is literally shaken out of his head, and he calmly looks the long vista of boulder-covered road before him in the face, as if it did not import savage and barbarous destruction.

Few persons travel by wagon in South Africa without having at least one saddle-horse in attendance. When the vehicle merely carries the *impedimenta* and the necessaries of the journey—perhaps adding thereto the luxury of a tent for pitching upon the camping-ground—the short daily journey is itself performed upon horseback, and the mode of travelling is agreeable enough. A wagon at rest, snugly covered in by its weather-tight canvas awning, with a closely laced curtain before and behind, and with a mattress and warm skins stretched on the top of its heavier baggage, is altogether a different affair from a wagon in motion. Old colonists know how to make their house upon four wheels far more comfortable than the wayside. Canvas pockets along the interior, and padlocked boxes on the outside, are well stored with supplies, according to the fancy and the need of the individual. Upon the high road between D'Urban and Maritzburg, there is, however, not much occasion to draw upon these resources, as there are three houses of public entertainment where very tolerable accommodation is offered, and where the traveller may make himself quite comfortable, if he do not mind somewhat narrow quarters, nor despise a common room for use in the daytime.

A journey on horseback in Natal is performed at the rate of about six miles an hour, the horse alternately walking and cantering, or making a fast colonial shuffle, which is designated *tripling*. The rule of the road, for one who wants to get on, is to canter wherever cantering is possible. If only a dozen yards before you are practicable, canter that dozen yards, and then subside into a walk, when your regard for your neck compels you to draw in. Never lose an opportunity because it is comprised within narrow limits. The small and by no means magnificent-looking African horses, with hoofs innocent of iron, very commonly get through fifty miles a day with this kind of proceeding, having no other feeding than the coarse forage yielded by the uncultured pasture, and accomplishing the distance in about ten hours. The slow pace, the incessant change from the walk to the canter, or the triple, and the easy movement of the gentle canter itself, render a journey of fifty miles at a stretch by no means so formidable an undertaking as it may seem to the fast and trot-accustomed English rider. But the newly arrived colonist, who has been used to the saddle in England, has to chafe a great deal before he can subside into the proper colonial pace.

Where there is much wagon-traffic, a bare road is soon worn into the grass, by the grating and pressure of the broad wheels, and by the treading of the numerous treck-oxen. In other situations, the route is only marked by the Caffre path, which is a narrow track laid down upon the soil by naked human feet, and but just perceptible amid tall herbage. This path is nearly always practicable to horses—that is, to the horses of the land. Now the track runs through the fragrant and red-brown *tamboti* grass, looking for a long distance very much like a furrow in an English cornfield of unusual luxuriance. Now it strikes obliquely down a verdant slope of closer herbage, thickly sprinkled with strange shrubs and flowers, amid which the red blossoms of the indigo are not unfrequent. Now it crosses a running stream, with the gurgling water knee-deep, and with the position of the ford only pointed out by the visible trace of the narrow path descending and ascending the opposite banks. Now it climbs a steep hill, with dark green clumps of the prickly aloe studding the sward; and with bushy trees fringing the upper slopes wherever the swelling surface is grooved by ravines, the evergreen and laurel-foliaged yellow-wood standing boldly out here and there above the smaller growth. Now it skirks a kraal of native huts, looking like a circular cluster of huge and flattened bee-hives, from the low portal of one of which a white-bearded and grisly patriarch of dusky skin, on all-fours, protrudes his head; a broad-shouldered, middle-aged athlete sits on the ground, leaning against another of them, his hands engaged in fastening the shaft of an assegai; and strange little naked, slim-limbed, and protuberant-bodied children lounge listlessly around. Now the path turns sharply from the kraal, passes amid the waving stalks of a mealie ground, planted in careless and unsymmetrical confusion, and now plunges suddenly into a rugged ravine, water-carved from the solid stone. The craggy staircase is dry, but the eye can perceive at a glance where the rapid torrent leaps down in the wet season from step to step. To the inexperienced neophyte in colonial affairs, the way seems altogether impracticable to equine legs; and the notion of scaling the steep and abrupt track seems very much like that of undertaking to ride up the staircase of the Monument. The horse, however, takes altogether a different view of the matter, and obviously knows very well what he is about. He gathers himself nervously together, and in an instant is among the boulders and fragments, picking his way with most praiseworthy care, and availing himself of every convenient crevice and level space. Arrived at the summit of the steep ascent, the track crosses a gentle slope of grass, and passes through a wild chaos of huge blocks of rolled trap, that lie scattered along the hill-top for some two or three miles. The prospect in the direction of the slant of the hill is now a glorious valley, eight or ten miles across, with a winding stream seen by glimpses in its hollow, and with green hills on the further side capped with dark foliage, and fringed with ravines, tinted of the same deep hue by the trees that completely choke up their furrows. The land is everywhere intersected by these native paths; but how it is that they are kept open, and rendered available as clues through the unknown labyrinth, is one of the mysteries of the region. It is not at all suprising that a heavy wagon, dragged by a dozen oxen, should leave a scar in the sward, which it takes some days to obliterate; but Caffre foot-paths remain indelibly engraved from year to year, where, perhaps, not a dozen naked and soft-skinned feet pass in the course of a day. For some ten or twelve inches of breadth, the soil continues perfectly bare of grass. During the dry season of winter, even the larger rivers are generally fordable on horseback at convenient places, to which the frequented paths invariably lead; the water rarely reaching to the stirrup of the rider. All that is necessary for safety is just to be acquainted with the line of the crossing, which is far from being always the most direct course from bank to bank, and to be somewhat careful of the large stones lying scattered along the river-bed. In the summer, however, the case is very different, the stream being then both deep and strong. Fatal accidents occasionally happen in crossing the swollen rivers at this season. It is not at all an unusual thing for the young colonist to have no other means, for some months in the [illegible] to [illegible] sand acres of land than by swimming such an obstacle. Every time he passes between his property and the bay, or the capital, he has to strip to the skin, and trust himself to the mercy of a turbulent current rushing along at the rate of some seven or eight miles in the hour. Even expert swimmers are very apt to get hampered by the force of these rapid waters. If they attempt to head against the course of the stream, they suddenly find themselves limb-bound, their arms becoming powerless, and seeming to be fastened down to their sides. The only chance for safety, in this disagreeable predicament, is to shun the unequal conflict, and go with the tide. The fastened limbs are immediately set free, as if by a stroke of magic, upon turning down in the current, and the swimmer so becomes able to work his way by slow degrees to the opposite shore. When travellers do not happen to be bold swimmers, they are conveyed across these unfordable rivers by a very ingenious contrivance; a number of reeds are lashed together into a compact buoy-shaped bundle, and this is launched into the water. The passenger places himself astride of the reed-horse, and throws himself prone upon it, embracing it tightly with his arms. An expert native swimmer then pushes the floating buoy across the stream with one hand, while he urges himself onward with the other, and with his legs. The ease with which the most skilful natives drive this laden buoy across rapidly flowing water is very surprising. Native women may often be seen sitting bolt upright upon the reed-float as they are ferried across. The traveller's horse is led after his master by a native attendant, and the saddle and clothes are conveyed over dry by being held aloft on one hand, while the other three limbs are employed in keeping the carrier of the burden afloat; or they are mounted upon a miniature mast stepped into the bundle of floating reeds. The ford, the reed-horse, and swimming, are nearly the only resources of the traveller who has any long progress to make in Natal. There are, of course, no bridges, saving over narrow brooks and rivulets in the near neighborhood of towns; and upon the inland waters, boats are as rare as bridges. If a man chances to have a crazy boat at his drift, he advertises the fact in the newspapers, as a great argument why travellers should direct their steps his way.

The high road between the port of Natal and Maritzburg is, upon the whole, a very creditable thoroughfare, and is improving every day. It has been almost entirely made by the military engineers; and the shaking which has to be endured upon it in wagon-travelling is more the result of the impossibility of guiding a team of fourteen headstrong oxen than a consequence of its actual roughness. The journey from the coast to the capital *might* be performed upon it very pleasantly with a spring-carriage and horses. There are only two or three places in which rough and steep drifts have to be crossed where any serious difficulty would have to be encountered. This high road, after crossing the Berea, and passing through a few miles of picturesque bush, gets into a country of green swelling hills. For some distance it runs upon the crest of a kind of spur, with valleys on either side; then it traverses two successive steps or terraces, with a very wild and bold district on the right hand, and with a region of gently swelling downs on the left. Very little wood is encountered after the bush has been fairly passed; but the summits of distant hills are frequently seen to be crowned with trees and foliage-filled ravines, and kloofs or hollows constantly diversify the sides of these grassy uplands. From the top of the second terrace, which has an elevation of a little more than two thousand feet above the sea, Maritzburg is seen lying five or six miles away in the midst of a broad flat valley, backed by a green amphitheatre of overhanging heights, which are sentinelled by the black-topped peak of the Zwartkop Mountain on the left, and flanked by the lengthened wall of the Table Mountain to the right. The city itself appears as a long line of white and red dots, set in a thick environment of foliage; the buildings are widely and thinly scattered, and separated from each other by rather extensive stretches of grass, planted with willows and other diminutive-looking trees. The road is seen winding along down the gentle slope which leads into the valley. The first distant view of Maritzburg, standing as it does in a broad open basin, rimmed by green hills, is attractive and bright enough.

It is a curious illustration of the characteristics and conditions of wagon-transport, that the numerous vehicles which are continually on the wheel between the port and the capital carry half a ton more freight up the country than they will venture to undertake down. It is easier for the sturdy oxen to drag their cumbrous burden bodily up-hill than it is to let the heavy wagon safely down-hill, unstayed as it is by any other contrivance than a drag upon the wheels. The winter is the season when traffic is most actively carried on within the colony. During the rainy season of the summer, it is very frequently interrupted by the slippery state of the roads. The oxen cannot treck with a heavy wagon after rain, until the surface-soil has acquired a tolerable state of consistency.

There is postal communication between D'Urban and Maritzburg three times in the week; the letter-bags being carried on the backs of natives. The carrier performs his fifty-four miles on foot, with unfailing punctuality, in eighteen hours. The South African is of languid and dreamy temperament, and it is generally supposed that very little labor can be extracted from his sinews. There are few Anglo-Saxons, however, who would carry the heavy letter-bags between D'Urban and Maritzburg as these Zulus do. The newly arrived stranger, as he notes the way in which the various locomotive services required by civilization are now performed amongst the green slopes of this young land, cannot refrain from wondering how long it will be before the "Grand Junction Port Natal and Orange River Railway" shall have put the jolting ox-wagon out of joint, and relieved the native postmen of their toil; and how long before the lieutenant-governor places upon his estimates a yearly subsidy for the "Barotse Valley and Umgeni Line of Electric Telegraph"; in order that government may have the earliest account of the state of the markets at Makololo and on the banks of the Leeba. It would be interesting, too, to know when the *Great Eastern* will be snorting its smoke and flame in the bay. It is perhaps worthy of note that monster vessels of this class may actually do more to make the colony of Natal accessible than any other thing which has been attempted or conceived, notwithstanding the fact that the difficulty has hithertoo been the employment of ships of more than a couple of hundred tons' burden. To the *Great Eastern*, the mere turning of one or two hundred miles out of the high road to Australia or India would be an affair of very little moment, and the adverse current of the L'Agulhas stream would be as nothing to her stupendous mechanical power. In the outer bay of D'Urban the question of weather would not give to her captain's face a single cloud of uneasiness. In the teeth of the most formidable south-easter, the monster would turn her bows to the gale and, under gentle steam, would lie at her ease with perfect *nonchalance*, whilst, in the shelter of the mighty bulwark of her side, her steam long-boat is dropped into the sea, ready packed for Natal. The light and swift steamer would then shoot into the inner bay, regardless of the state of the bar—a matter of life-and-death import to heavier craft—and after depositing its freight in smooth water, would, in a couple of hours at most, be again dangling from the davits by the side of the *Great Eastern*, as she sped swiftly on her way to the east or the south.—*Chambers's Journal.*

THE OLDEST MANUSCRIPT IN THE WORLD.

There is a certain divinity which doth hedge extreme antiquity, and make itself felt even by the most unreflecting of mankind. The veriest spendthrift, the player of "dick-duck-drake" with his own and others' money, still looks upon a newly excavated coin of the Roman Cæsars with some, however transient, interest. The man who loves his beer "from the pewter" (and little else), and despises high art of all kind, will yet have his admiration awakened by some jug, just recovered from an entombed Herculaneum or Pompeii. And even if we chance to address a reader who never reads anything but a periodical or newspaper of the current week, he cannot, we honestly believe, but be willing to hear something of a manuscript, recently discovered, of *between four and five thousand years old!* It is indeed with documents of such an epoch that we are about to deal; and our data—if that expression can be made use of, when we can fix nothing with certainty to within five hundred years or so—are taken from an essay entitled *Hieratic Papyri*, by Mr. C. W. Goodwin, in the most recent number of the *Cambridge Essays*, which is also, we regret to say, the last of that well-written and ably edited series.

Since the death of Champollion, whose *Grammaire Egyptienne* first placed the study of Egyptian literature upon a solid basis, considerable progress has been made, it seems, in the deciphering of the hieratic writing; that is to say, in the writing used by the ancient Egyptians for literary composition and the purposes of ordinary life, as opposed to the *hieroglyphics* of symbolic writing upon the tombs and temples. It appears to have existed, with various modifications, from the earlier times down to 600 B.C., or nearly the epoch of the Persian invasion. "In general, each word is *spelt* by phonetic signs, which stand either in letters or syllables. The word thus spelt is followed by one or more symbols, which are not sounded, but indicate the class of ideas to which the word belongs. Thus, there are symbols to mark ideas of motion, violent action, thought, repose, wickedness, animals, vegetables, and a host of others. . . . . The discovery of the use of the determinative symbols was Champollion's great achievement; the mixture of them with the alphabetical symbols having perplexed all previous inquirers. . . . In the hieratic writing there are constantly found three of them applied to a single word. . . . The radical letters of a large number of Egyptian words are now known, and a good many of them may be traced to the Coptic, the laws of which have been ascertained . . . . a good many, too, have their congeners in Hebrew and Syriac."

Just as in the working out of those ciphers about which so many of our readers busied themselves some twelve months ago, it is clear that every word of which the meaning has once been disclosed must lead the way to the discovery of others; and thus the revival of the old Egyptian vocabulary, of the very language in which Memnon sang, is to be expected in due time. The hieratic literary documents, at present available, amount to fifteen, of which a couple of examples will be amply sufficient for our purpose. The first is a papyrus recently purchased by the trustees of the British Museum from Madame d'Orbiney, a lithographed *fac-simile* of which has been made, and will be published shortly. It contains a romance or fairy tale, and is of the age of the nineteenth dynasty—about 1300 B.C.; a period, according to Lepsius, identical with that under which the oppression of the Israelites in Egypt, and their departure from that country, took place. It is to the times of Rameses II. (Pharaoh) and his successors that the greater part of all these papyri—with one very remarkable exception, however—belong, and they therefore present to us a picture of Egyptian life and character precisely at that period of the history of that people which has become most interesting to us. The D'Orbiney papyrus was published in French in 1822, by the Vicomte de Rouge, conservator of the Egyptian collection in the Louvre, but it will be doubtless new to most English readers. It is a roll containing nineteen pages of writing, in the finest style of Egyptian calligraphy. The first five pages are a little damaged, but not much.

"The recto and verso of the last page contain the name of King Leti-Meneptah II. (the next sovereign but one to Pharaoh), but with the titles of 'ensign-bearer on the king's left, generalissimo of infantry, and king's son'; from which M. de Rouge concludes that the papyrus belonged to this prince before his accession to the throne. It does not appear, however, to have been composed expressly for the edification of the young Pharaoh, for it is dedicated by the author, Enna, to three scribes of his own college, Ka-kabu, Hora and Meriemass; but we may fairly conclude that this was a copy made for the use of the prince, to whom we may also, with some probability, ascribe the well-thumbed condition of its first five pages. The contents may be thought childish, and they certainly throw no light upon history; but the book, from its very simplicity, is the most useful document yet discovered for the illustration of the Egyptian language, and affords the means of determining at once, in the most complete manner, the meaning of a number of words and phrases which could only be guessed at in other manuscripts."

This is the beginning of the fairy story 3200 years old:

"This relates to two brothers, children of the same mother and father: the name of the elder was Anessou (Anubis); the name of the younger was Satou. Anessou, being the head of the house, married, and he treated his younger brother as his son."

Satou appears to have done a good deal of work for the family, however, although he was treated as one of them, and to have been generally obedient, and not contradictory.

"When he returned from the field, he brought back all sorts of fodder; he sat down with his brother and sister to eat and to drink, and then went to the stall to tend his cattle.

"When the earth was again illumined, and the dawn appeared, the hour of going to the fields being come, he called his cattle, and led them to feed in the meadow. He followed them . . . . . and his cattle told him which were the choicest feeding-places, for he understood all their language. And when he brought them back to the stalls, they found them supplied with all the herbs that they loved. The cattle which he tended became extremely fat, and multiplied greatly. When the season of tillage arrived, his elder brother said to him: 'Let us take the teams and go to plough, for the land appears (that is, the water of the inundation had subsided), and is fit for culture. When we have ploughed it, you shall fetch the seed.' So the young man proceeded to execute what his elder brother told him."

When Satou goes home, he finds his brother's wife combing her hair, and, instead of giving him corn, that young woman makes violent love to him. An incident in Israelitish history, very well known to us, occurs, in short, over again, and the slighted woman endeavors to revenge herself upon Satou by libelling him to her credulous husband.

"The elder brother became as furious as a panther; he sharpened his sword, and took it in his hand. Then he went and stood behind the door of the ox-stall, ready to kill his younger brother on his arrival, in the evening, with his cattle. When the sun set, Satou came back, according to his daily wont. As he approached, the cow which halted first to enter the stall said to the keeper: 'Methinks thy elder brother is yonder with his sword, ready to kill thee when thou comest near him.' He heard the words of the first cow, and then came another and said the same. Then he looked under the door of the stall, and he saw the feet of his brother, who stood behind the door, his sword in his hand. He threw his load on the ground, and began to run as fast as he could; and his brother pursued him sword in hand." Satou invokes the sun-god Ra:

"My good lord, it is thou who showest on which side is wrong and which is right."

The sun-god hears the complaint, and causes a wide river, full of crocodiles, to flow between the brothers. With this gulf between them, the innocent party makes his explanation, and convinces Anessou, but declines to return, and retires to the Valley of the Acacia, a remote place, apparently beyond the limits of Egypt.

Anasson slays his wife, and gives her to the—some Egyptologists say the dogs, some the pigs.

Satou takes his heart—his own—and places it in the flowers of an acacia tree, telling his brother how to search for it if he needs to renew their friendship. Ra, the sun-god, asks Noum, the creator, for a wife for Satou, heartless though the poor fellow be. All the gods endow her with gifts, but the seven Hattias—sacred cows, and, we suppose, old friends of Satou—say she is to die a violent death. This woman, the story goes on to say, is presently captivated by the wealth of the king of Egypt, forsakes her husband for him, and gets him to cut down the acacia tree, by which means Satou, whose heart is in it, becomes a lifeless corpse.

In the meantime, however, Anessou comes to seek his brother, and finds one part of the acacia tree, still lying on the ground, with the heart of his brother beneath it, whom he accordingly revives and restores completely.

Satou takes the form of a sacred bull, is pronounced a genuine Apis by the priests, and worshipped by the court. He takes an opportunity of bellowing to the perfidious queen, when she comes to worship one day, that he is her husband Satou alive after all. She runs away in terror, and induces the king to swear an oath that he will give her whatever she demands. She asks, to his great scandalizement, for the liver of the bull. Its head is cut off; but two drops of blood fall upon two garden-beds, from which spring two magnificent persea trees. The leaves reproach again the perfidious queen, and she gets the obnoxious trees cut down, since they will make "such excellent timber." A chip flies off from one of the trees and enters her mouth. After this, she produces a son, a royal offspring, who is made Prince of Ethiopia—the title of the heir apparent. The child is the chip of the old block—is Satou—after all. The wife is condemned: and the old fairy story ends like a modern novel, with the happiness of all the good people.

It will be observed how similar are some of the details of this story with a very favorite one in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, which is, however, in point of time, quite a now-a-day narration compared to it. Belonging, however, to a very respectable antiquity as this tale of The Two Brothers certainly does, it becomes quite a "gift-book of the season," and a romance of the passing hour, when contrasted with the papyrus we have yet to speak of. Our late author, Enna, bears about the same chronological relation to Ptah-hotep, the writer of this work, as Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper, the editor of King Alfred's Ballads, bears to King Alfred. This gentleman (Ptah-hotep) was "king's son and provincial governor," in the reign of Assa, sovereign of both Egypts, who belonged to the seventh dynasty, or about 3000 B.C.! The papyrus in question was obtained by M. Prisse d'Avennes while making explorations among the tombs of the early Theban kings who preceded Amenem-ha, the founder of the twelfth dynasty; of which race of kings the British Museum possesses one coffin, and the Louvre another. It is written in hieratic characters, but extremely different in appearance from those of the papyri of the later dynasty. The symbols and groups, however, are easily identified by those who are acquainted with the works of "the Ramesside period." "It contains eighteen pages of writing, the first two being the conclusion of a work. Then follows an erasure of the size of a page or two—the papyrus having been carefully scraped, as if with the intention of inserting a new text. After this come sixteen pages which comprise a complete work, entitled *The Instructions of the Magistrate Ptah-hotep, under his Majesty the King of Upper and Lower Egypt, Assa, Ever-living*"; a hand-book of advice composed, be it observed, more than two thousand years before the wise sayings of Solomon!

It begins by saying: "When the king of both Egypts, Ouren, died, then the king of both Egypts, Suefrou, became the king of the whole land. Then was I made a magistrate."

The tables of King Suefrou, at Wadi Megara, in the Sinaitic peninsula, recording his conquests over the Arabs, are thought to be the earliest historical monuments in existence. And there is certainly no doubt that this papyrus—with the exception of one said to be of the same epoch, in the Berlin Museum—is *the oldest manuscript in the world*. Both the fragment and the entire piece consist of proverbs and maxims upon moral and social subjects, which, like the didactic efforts of most authors, labor under the disadvantage of being excessively dull. We shall therefore extract but sparely.

"The obedience of a docile son is a blessing; he who is obedient walks in his obedience, and he who listens to him becomes obedient. . . . . A son teachable in God's service will be happy in consequence of his obedience; he will grow to be old, he will find favor; he will speak in like manner to his children. . . . . Precious for a man is the discipline of his father. Every one will respect it as he himself has done." There is a great deal more in the same aphoristic tone, which, however wise at the time it was spoken, now partakes largely of the nature of platitude.

Ptah-hotep thus concludes his instructions:

"It is thus that I would gain for thee health of body and the king's peace, in all circumstances, and that thou mayst pass the years of this life without deceit. I have become an ancient of the earth. I have passed a hundred and ten years of life, by grace of the king, and the approbation of the ancients, fulfilling my duty towards the king, in the place of their favor."

So ends the primeval sage; and "finished from beginning to end, as it is found in the original," adds the scribe.

Mr. Goodwin is of opinion that in this land of travellers, undreamed-of hieratic treasures may be lying in private cabinets. One great impediment to Egyptological inquiry in England seems to be that we have no hieroglyphical types; that London is lacking in a matter where Paris and Berlin have abundance, although in neither of those cities have *hieratic* types yet been attempted.

The Egyptians seem to be by this time well aware of the commercial value of these papyri, and, consequently, they are much addicted to breaking up the precious manuscripts, in order to make the most of them. So ignorant are they of the language of their ancestors that they often tear the papyri *down the middle*, and offer for sale to the enthusiastic student only the beginnings or ends of lines—which is disappointing.

Still it must be something to possess even a mutilated fragment of a manuscript four thousand years old! To see, to touch, to decipher what has been written for the edification of the grandson of him who was drowned in the Red Sea! What a strange, nay, almost awful sensation must one experience then, who, like M. Prisse d'Avennes, himself exhumes from the burial-place of ante-diluvian kings some precious document unhandled by human fingers for scores of ages—who is the first to cast his eyes upon the papyrus, since it was perused by Ptah-hotep, magistrate under his Majesty the King of Upper and Lower Egypt, Assa, Ever-living!—*Chambers's Jour.*

"B'LIEBING THE CATECHIZE."—One of the characters in Mrs. Stowe's new serial—the Pastor's Wooing—is Candace, a negress, whose conversion to orthodoxy is thus related:

There was a legend current in the neighborhood that the first efforts to catechize Candace were not eminently successful, her modes of contemplating theological tenets being so peculiarly from her own individual point of view that it was hard to get her subscription to a received opinion. On the venerable clause in the Catechism, in particular, which declares that all men sinned in Adam and fell with him, Candace made a dead halt.

"I didn't do dat ar', for one, I knows. I's got good mem'ry—allers knows what I does—nebber did eat dat ar' apple—nebber eat a bit oh him! Don't tell me!"

It was of no use, of course, to tell Candace of all the explanations of this redoubtable passage—of potential presence, and representative presence, and representative identity, and federal headship. She met all with the dogged

"Nebber did it, I knows; should 'ave 'membered if I had. Don't tell me!"

And even in the catechizing class of the Doctor himself, if this answer came to her, she sat black and frowning in stony silence, even in his reverend presence.

Candace was often reminded that the Doctor believed the Catechism, and that she was differing from a great and good man; but the argument made no manner of impression on her, till one day a far-off cousin of hers, whose condition under a hard master had often moved her compassion, came in overjoyed to recount to her how, owing to Dr. H.'s exertions, he had regained his freedom. The Doctor himself had in person gone from house to house, raising the sum for his redemption; and when more was yet wanting, supplied it by paying half his last quarter's limited salary.

"He do dat ar'!" said Candace, dropping the fork wherewith she was spearing doughnuts. "Den I'm gwine to b'liebe ebery word he does!"

And accordingly, at the next catechizing, the Doctor's astonishment was great when Candace pressed up to him, exclaiming—

"De Lord bress you, Doctor, for opening de prison for dem dat is bound! I b'liebes in you now, Doctor. I's gwine to b'liebe ebery word you say. I'll say the Catechize now—fix it any way you like. I did eat dat ar' apple—Leat de whole tree, an' swallow ebery bit ob it, if you say so."

And this very thorough profession of faith was followed, on the part of Candace, by years of the most strenuous orthodoxy. Her general mode of expressing her mind on the subject was short and definitive—

"Law me! what's de use? I's set out to b'liebe de Catechise, an' I'm gwine to b'liebe it—so!"

THE COME-OUTERS

OF THE SIXTEENTH AND NINETEENTH CENTURIES.

BY ANNE WARREN WESTON.

PART FIRST.

A gentle Lady sits alone
Within an ancient room,
Hung round with gorgeous tapestry,
From some famed foreign loom:

The figures wrought with matchless skill,
In life-like colors, tell
Of holy battles, fought long since,
Among the Infidel.

There the broad cedars spread their shade,
And here the palm-trees rise,
And the proud banners of the Cross
Float through the Syrian skies;

And holy knights and armed priests
Are fittingly portrayed,
And Glory and Devotion both
The Artist's fancy aid.

But higher on that lofty wall
More hallowed faces shine;
There hang the pictured forms that once
Were human—now divine.

Martyrs, whose frowning features yet
The marks of torture bear,
And Saints, whose calm seraphic brows,
By contrast, look more fair.

And straight before the lady's face
A lovelier Presence gleams,
Decked with the beauty that belongs
But to the Painter's dreams;

A beauty full of human love,
But touched by human care,
And yet made radiant and divine
By sound all earth's compare.

Mother of sorrows! Queen of Heaven!
Ah, yes! that brow and cheek,
Of rapture and of agony,
Of doubt and triumph speak.

Oh! well may woman's sorrowing heart
Turn hopefully to thee!
Thou, who hast known and suffered all
Of woman's destiny.

And yet that Lady, sitting there,
In grief has turned away—
The voice now speaking in her soul
No longer brooks delay.

In still low tones it says to her,
"Turn but to God for aid;
Nor Saint nor Angel stands between
Him and the Soul He made.

"Shrine, altar and confessional,
Picture and cross and bead,
May sweetly to thy heart recall
Its childhood's cherished creed.

"The burning lamp, the roses cast
Before some hallowed shrine,
May to thy youthful fancy seem
Memorials divine;

"But mark—of God's essential truth
These things make not a part;
These thou may'st yield, and yet retain
Within thy inmost heart

"Such reverence for His holy will,
For all His love such praise
As never outward form nor rite
Within that heart could raise.

"Start not at Duty's angel-voice,
That says, From sin divide:
The Truth, for which thou lovest all,
Shall comfort, aid and guide."

Across that Lady's darkened path
A burst of sunshine broke;
And she was one, in after years,
Who heard when Luther spoke.

PART SECOND.

Look at the ancient Meeting-house,
That stands amid the trees;
Its tall white spire for many miles
The weary traveller sees.

Enter and mark the reverent crowd
That fills its ample space;
What stern, unsmiling sanctity
Is stamped on every face!

No sculptured arch nor frescoed wall
Within these courts appear,
No gilded shrine nor altar high
May find an entrance here.

The pulpit tall, the sounding-board,
The gallery for the choir—
No other "carved work" did the sons
Of pilgrim sires desire.

How little to poetic taste
These humble walls can speak;
And yet before their silent power
The strongest hearts grow weak.

For the last time a Maiden stands
Within this holy place,
And, all unfelt, the quiet tears
Are dropping o'er her face.

Beneath that white unpictured roof
Her earliest prayers were said;
The teachings of God's holy word
Were from that pulpit read.

The sweetest hymns she ever sung
Have echoed from these walls;
Their dying cadence even yet
Upon her memory falls.

But the clear, earnest voice of Truth,
Throughout all time the same,
Whispers, "Thy love and fealty
I, I alone may claim.

"The prayers, the songs once uttered here,
If uttered from thy heart,
Shall give thee strength to turn away,
And from this spot depart.

"Thou hast implored that God would make
Thy paths of duty plain:
Has He not poured such light that thou
Canst wander not again?

"Millions of Slaves in anguish lie
Before the Church's eyes;
And God, in thunder-tones, demands
'Mercy, not sacrifice.'

"What saysthe Church? She coldly turns
Her glances from the Slave,
To send her sympathies and prayers
O'er every ocean-wave.

"No true communion can'st thou find—
The helpless Slave forgot;
For where no love for Man is found,
Worship of God is not."

Thou needest not a priestly voice
To tell thee what is truth,
When thou canst cry—'O, will not *Thou*,
My Father, guide my youth!'"

Her tears were dried, her face grew calm,
From that clear inward light,
Which never yet misguided one
That sought its beams aright.

Thanks be to God, that every age
Records the heroic deed
Of conflict won, for human weal,
O'er usage, sect and creed.

But never to the nations yet
A holier work He gave
Than that appointed to our time—
THE FREEDOM OF THE SLAVE!

Weymouth, Massachusetts, U. S.

* The term "Come-outers" has been derisively bestowed on those in the United States who have withdrawn from the church because it sanctions slavery, in the same spirit that the terms, Methodist, Quaker, and Puritan, were applied to the Non-conformists of the three preceding centuries.

WEBSTER'